HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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BOOM!!!—SO NEAR, AND YET SO FAR.

S. J. T. "By Jupiter! can't they understand a joke? Catch me believing in lightning-rods again!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1880.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

Number 35 *of* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *issued June* 29, *contains Chapter Five of "The Moral Pirates," illustrated; a story by* MRS. LATIMER, *called "The Old, Old Toad"; an instructive and entertaining article on the growth of flowers, with two illustrations; a story called "Miss Pamela Plumstone's Piano"; the first of a series of papers by* CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN, *under the title of "Old Times in the Colonies," illustrated; "How the Little Smiths Got their Fourth-of-July Money;" "Mr. Martin's Scalp"—a very funny adventure; the second chapter of "Miss Van Winkle's Nap"; and many other attractions.*

THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION.

THE nomination of General HANCOCK is the abandonment of what is called the "fraud" issue by the Democratic party, and it seems almost as if the Convention had decided not to treat the situation seriously. General HANCOCK is a brave soldier, who served gallantly through the war, and he is a gentleman of high personal character, but as a candidate for the Presidency he represents merely the Democratic party. Mr. TILDEN was in himself the issue upon which his letter insists, and which has been made the paramount question in every Democratic platform since 1876. If, as he alleges, a great wrong has been done to popular government in his person, the remedy was obvious: he should have been nominated by acclamation. But practical politics are very illogical. It is not often that the excitement and confusion of a nominating Convention permit the nomination of a representative leader of a party, like General GARFIELD.

General HANCOCK represents no policy, no principle, no issue, nothing but the party which has nominated him, and he will be supported by those only who think that the public welfare would be promoted by bringing the Democratic party into power. General GARFIELD stands for the best sentiment of the party which has been identified with the patriotism, the intelligence, the free industry, the progressive spirit, of the country. General HANCOCK represents a party without a programme or a policy, and with the most damaging traditions. That party has eminent leaders, but General HANCOCK is not one of them. If he has views upon public questions, they are not known. He is, of course, wholly without civil experience, except that of a military Governor. He is a worthy gentleman, whose life has been passed in the military service, and whose election as President would be a leap in the dark.

General GARFIELD, on the other hand, is not only a citizen soldier of distinction, but a statesman of wide and various experience and sagacity, of unusual knowledge and tact, a leader of his party by signal ability, and a gentleman of unblemished character. If the office of Chief Magistrate of the Union requires civil ability and especial knowledge, wide experience and courage, matured convictions upon public principles and policy, familiarity with public affairs and public men, as well as perfect personal rectitude, and intelligent sympathy with the ideas and purposes and tendency of a great political party, General GARFIELD is peculiarly the candidate for those who wish to know what their votes mean. General HANCOCK is the respectable candidate of the Democratic party; but how has the Democratic party deserved the respect or the confidence of the country?

MR. TILDEN'S LETTER.

MR. TILDEN'S letter of withdrawal was very characteristic, and its reception illustrates the impression which he has made upon his party and the country. The meaning of the letter seemed to be plain enough, but the universal question was whether the writer meant what he said. That was the most significant fact about the letter, and it throws great light upon one of the prominent political figures of the moment. The letter describes Mr. TILDEN as he wishes to appear; its reception shows precisely how he does appear. He publishes a letter, and apparently not even his political friends believe what he says, and there is a general suspicion that the letter is a trick and a "dodge." This is a most startling evidence of the general impression which his career has produced. Mr. TILDEN describes himself as a simple and modest citizen attending quietly to his political duties, and so efficiently as to be at last summoned by his fellow-citizens to purify the State administration, in which work he succeeds so signally that the honest and patriotic people of the country call upon him to purify the national government with the same energy and success. Elected by a great majority, he is defrauded of the office by wicked men in power, and now points out to his fellow-citizens that if they acquiesce in the wrong, popular government is overthrown. This is Mr. TILDEN'S picture of himself and of his career. It is what he and his friends wish the verdict of history to be, and if it were a true picture, his renomination and election by a vast majority of men of all parties would have been assured. But his letter is an indictment against a nation. It is the allegation that if the people of this country do not elect the candidate of his party, they condone a crime which destroys free elective government.

Now the picture which Mr. TILDEN draws of himself is to be contrasted with that which the experience and knowledge of the community in which he lives have drawn of him. For forty years a prominent Democratic politician, and for some time chairman of the State Committee of his party, he was distinguished only for adhesion to "regularity," and was wholly unknown in "reform." Chairman of the Committee during TWEED'S malign ascendency, he made no public protest, and gave his official name and influence to the TWEED mastery. Joining the movement against the TWEED Ring after it had been begun by others, and when it promised success, he was elected to the Legislature. Nominated for Governor, not, as he implies, by a spontaneous call upon a modest citizen eminent for public virtue, but, as is believed, and as circumstances indicate, by ordinary political intrigue, shrewdly using his opportunity to assail the Canal Ring, and circumstances and laws—not his own action in any way—reducing the State taxation, he succeeded, by the adroit management of skillful agents, in obtaining the nomination to the Presidency. Violence and fraud apparently secured a vote in his favor in certain States whose laws authorized Returning Boards, under circumstances of which they were the judges, to throw out votes. Votes were thrown out, as Democrats allege, fraudulently. Meanwhile Democratic violence and fraud at the polls were incontestable. Apparently the vote was honest upon neither side. The situation was critical and perilous. The alternative was simple—civil war or a mutual agreement. The agreement was made, carried out honestly to the letter, and Mr. HAYES was inaugurated. When all was thus happily and tranquilly ended, it was discovered that the intimate and confidential but poor agents of this modest and quiet but rich citizen, who was attending noiselessly to his public duties, had been trying in every direction with vast sums of money to corrupt electors, to bribe and buy and snatch the Presidency in any way, and that their conduct being made known to the modest citizen, he nevertheless retained them, and retains them to-day, in his confidence, and in his letter actually makes a merit of "refusing to ransom" documentary evidence—in other words, to buy the Presidency with money.

This is the portrait which the general judgment of his contemporaries paints of Mr. TILDEN, in contrast with the pleasing picture of antique and simple republican virtue which he draws of himself. His letter, we repeat, describes the situation as he would like to have it appear. But the facts are familiar, and the settlement of the election of 1876, instead of a proof of the dangerous tendency to condone fraud, is the strongest and most conclusive evidence of the ability of a republican people to dispose lawfully and peacefully of a contest which in other countries would have produced the most appalling civil convulsion. The assumption of Mr. TILDEN'S letter—without which it is meaningless—is that he was honestly elected President, and defrauded of the office. And this fact, he assumes, is so well known to the people of the country that they will not deny it. He charges fraud upon the Republican members of the Electoral Commission and upon the Republican Senate, and he presents this deliberate, conscious cheating of the country out of the evident and conceded result of an honest election as the great issue of the contest of this year. Some Democrats are hysterical in their admiration of this prodigious "state paper," which is merely a plausible repetition of the cry of "fraud," and the impression of duplicity or insincerity which it produces is a striking evidence of the feeling with which its author is regarded. It is a cry of "fraud" from a man whose confidential agents have been caught in the act of swindling, and who does not discard them. One of the most astounding assertions of the letter is that "through the whole period of my relation to the Presidency I did everything in my power to elevate and nothing to lower moral standards in the competition of parties." During this whole period Mr. PELTON, Mr. SMITH M. WEED, and Mr. MANTON MARBLE were among the most intimate and confidential agents of Mr. TILDEN, and their efforts to elevate moral political standards are notorious. Mr. TILDEN'S contest for the Presidency was one vast and prolonged intrigue, much of which was degrading and demoralizing in the highest degree. A dozen years ago, when Mr. GREELEY publicly called Mr. TILDEN'S attention to the shameless frauds in the city vote which followed TWEED'S circular, to which Mr. TILDEN'S name was attached, Mr. TILDEN replied substantially that he knew nothing about it. But he never condemned it, nor did he dissolve his association with TWEED. It is not from him that complacent self-congratulations upon political purity can fitly proceed, nor can he rightfully pose as the exemplar of the outraged American principle of free and honest elections. The nomination of General HANCOCK withdraws Mr. TILDEN from public life, but he will hardly be remembered as the model of republican virtue and simplicity which he depicts.

DECLINING OFFICE.

IT is a curious illustration of the universal belief of the falsity of politicians and public men that Mr. SEYMOUR'S explicit declaration that he could not be and would not be the Democratic candidate for the Presidency was received with such perfect incredulity. The more distinctly he said it, the more general was the smile or the sneer, and he was ridiculed for his persistency as if he were playing awkwardly a very transparent game. Yet of all public men in the country, Mr. SEYMOUR'S word was entitled to belief, because he had shown his ability to maintain his resolution under the most trying and difficult circumstances. In 1876 the Democratic State Convention insisted upon nominating him for Governor, and adjourned. A neighbor and a friend waited upon him, and besought him by every conceivable consideration, personal, patriotic, and partisan, to accept the nomination. But Mr. SEYMOUR was immovable. He said that he had plainly stated his determination not to accept a nomination, and if there were any difficulties consequent upon the total disregard of his assertion by the Convention, he certainly was not responsible. He would not be hectored or cajoled into acceptance, and the Convention was forced to re-assemble and nominate another candidate. Even his political opponents could not but respect Mr. SEYMOUR'S self-respect.

It is true that in 1868, when the Democratic National Convention, of which he was chairman, had wrangled for some time, he was suddenly nominated, and accepted the nomination. But that was twelve years ago, and eight years before his firmness in regard to the Governorship. He had fairly earned the confidence of his party in his word, and it was not his fault if he was obliged to say at last with strenuous emphasis that he should prefer a funeral to a nomination. It is a favorite theory with many persons that it is the duty of every good citizen to accept any nomination that may be offered to him. This was, we believe, the feeling of Mr. GREELEY. But it is rather the duty of every good citizen to decide for himself whether it is his duty to accept. Duty in such a case depends not only upon public but upon private considerations, of which the man himself is the only judge. We do not mean his duty to his family only, but to his own sense of fitness, and of all the personal and private facts of which no stranger can be cognizant. If it be found very hard to persuade the "right kind" of citizens in a community to take office, it is because the conditions of obtaining it, or the sacrifices necessary to a proper discharge of its duties, are made so repugnant. Generally to elect an honest and efficient man to an office is not to bestow a favor upon him. But it is so regarded, and whoever votes for him is thought to lay him under obligation. A gentleman who consented to stand for Congress in a hopeless district was constantly accosted by all kinds of voters who "wanted something," and who always prefaced their requests with the remark that they had voted for him, implying that they had now called for the consideration.

In our communities, however, when an energetic and sagacious and able man consents to take office, the obligation is not his, but the community's. He gives his time and industry and study to duties which, even when they are well discharged, win him more kicks than coppers. The public treatment of him goes far to justify the public theory that he is in a menial sense a public servant, to be kicked and cuffed like the servants in old plays. Moreover, the time that should be devoted to public duty is largely engrossed by the selfish private pressure upon him to get places for other people. The result is obvious. Elective offices in municipal and rural communities are constantly held by those who are unfit for them. No community and no citizen has the right to insist that everybody ought to accept a nomination, who does not personally take care in every way to help fit men not only to attain but to administer public office. But so long as they are expected to busy themselves about their own election, and to devote their public position to private interests, the right kind of men will generally prefer to stand aside. Those who make nominations, however, are generally of the kind to which office in itself seems to be the most dazzling of prizes, and who therefore can not believe that refusal to accept is anything more than the most flagrant coquetry—a trick to secure the offer.

JUDGES AND THE PRESIDENCY.

THE appearance of a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States as a candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination, with all the paraphernalia and all the conditions of a "boom," is a very disagreeable spectacle. The preliminary canvass of a Convention for this nomination is a business of intrigue and dicker and engagement which necessarily leaves a candidate upon the bench covered with suspicion. The assertion that he knows nothing of what is going on is futile, because it is not believed, and because everybody knows that he will ratify such engagements as are proved to have been essential. Besides, the argument for his nomination is drawn largely from his political decisions, and nothing could be more fatal to an honest judiciary and to the public welfare than rewarding political or party service upon the bench of justice. The tenure of the justices of the Supreme Court is for life, as an indication that they are beyond the ordinary political and partisan arena. It would have been a most mischievous precedent if Chief Justice CHASE had been nominated by the Democrats in 1868, as he ardently desired to be. President LINCOLN, in appointing Mr. CHASE to the Chief Justiceship, hoped that it would extinguish his political ambition. It was the one conspicuous instance in which Mr. LINCOLN'S singular sagacity was at fault. The general conviction that the late Chief Justice CHURCH, of New York, was always a possible Gubernatorial or Presidential candidate, undoubtedly seriously impaired his weight as a judicial magistrate. A politician on the bench is not, in the proper sense, a judge.

It is often said that JOHN JAY, when Chief Justice of the United States, consented to be a candidate for the office of Governor of New York, and it is true. In 1785, when he was Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Mr. JAY was urged by General SCHUYLER to accept a nomination for Governor, but he declined, upon the ground that he ought not to leave the service of Congress, which had been so friendly to him, even for a more splendid station. But he said that when a change in the State government should seem to be necessary, and the good expected from it seemed to be dependent upon him, he should think it to be his duty to accept. In February, 1792, many Federalists in New York were of opinion that the emergency contemplated by Mr. JAY had arisen. He was now Chief Justice of the United States, and at first declined to accept the State nomination. But he finally yielded, upon the principle announced by him in 1785, that "a good citizen ought cheerfully to take any station which his country on such occasions may think proper to assign him." He was defeated in 1792; but in 1795, while in England negotiating the treaty, he was again nominated, and elected, arriving in New York two days after the result was declared. He resigned the Chief Justiceship, and became one of the best of Governors.

The example of JOHN JAY is the most powerful and persuasive that could be urged, and were every judge like JOHN JAY, we might be content to leave the decision to his own sense of duty. But his action was undoubtedly the result of an erroneous judgment. He was elected by a large majority, and any other eminent Federalist could have been chosen Governor; JAY would have remained in the place for which he was so singularly fitted, and which he preferred; the dangerous example would have been avoided, and small judges and their henchmen could not have protected their intrigues with the name of a great judge and a great man. The other instances that have been cited of judges negotiating treaties are not relevant. The qualities essential to a skillful negotiator may be often found in a judge, and he is not elected by an appeal to popular party passion, but he is appointed upon grounds of fitness. Chief Justice JAY and Mr. Justice NELSON are satisfactory illustrations of such appointment. But they would not be precedents for the Presidential candidature of a justice of the Supreme Court.

LOOK OUT FOR THE ELECTORS.

The present Democratic Congress will count the electoral vote, and it will count it undoubtedly according to some regulation of the kind proposed by the Morgan resolution. That resolution provides that when the two Houses meet for the count, the list of electors in every State shall be read, and objections may be made to any individual elector. As the election will be very close, a few changes among the electors would determine the result. This is especially to be remembered in New York, because this is the battle-ground. As goes New York this year, so goes the Presidency.

It is, therefore, the duty of Republicans in every district to make sure that no valid question can be raised of the qualification of any elector. There is often very great carelessness in selecting candidates without regard to their legal ability to serve. This was among the most interesting questions in 1876, and the Garcelon procedure of the Democrats in Maine shows what may be expected in the electoral count. There will be a sharp inquisition for disqualification, and every technical and plausible invalidity will be urged. Town and district committees and campaign clubs can not be too careful of this point. The disqualifications are plain. "No Senator or Representative, or person holding an office of trust or profit under the United States, shall be appointed an elector." No postmaster, for instance, is eligible.

One great objection to the resolution of Mr. Morgan is its centralizing tendency. It enables Congress to do what should be done in every district in the country by its own voters of both parties. It should be resisted upon the general principle that whatever destroys local political responsibility is mischievous.

THE TRUE BASIS OF A NATIONAL CONVENTION.

The opponents of district representation ask what districts instructed for Garfield, and whether his nomination was not carried by the personal preferences of delegates? Undoubtedly it was so carried, and the happy result is another illustration of the folly of instructions. But it is not a question for the advocates of State representation, as opposed to the district basis, to ask, What State instructed for Garfield? And what is plainer than that, if State instructions and unit rules had prevailed, a nomination would have been made deeply repugnant to the great majority of the Convention?

The result at Chicago shows the danger which the Republican party necessarily encounters when it abandons its fundamental principle of freedom. The Democratic Convention at Cincinnati naturally binds itself by unit rules and other chains, because it was always the party of slavery, and has been controlled by a military discipline. Thus thirty-eight of the New York delegates to Cincinnati gagged thirty-two. Here at once are seventy votes, nearly half of which misrepresent the opinion of the voters.

The true and only genuinely Republican theory of a National Convention is that of a free assembly of representatives selected by district constituencies. In this way, and in this way only, the real desire of the party can be known, and the chance and temptation of corrupt bargaining are almost removed. It is objected that this destroys the just weight of large States in a Convention. That, again, is a thoroughly unsound view. Members of a party from a great State are entitled to no more weight than those from a small State. All are equal in the national party council. It is a question not of States, but of parties; and it is obvious that if a great State, as such, should be recognized, the majority from a State which might not cast a single electoral vote for the party might decide its nominations. The true position is a National Convention of free district delegates.

A VEILED THREAT.

Judge Hoadley, the temporary President of the Democratic National Convention, said in his speech: "If beaten fairly, we will submit. I repeat we shall submit, and again wait; but if again successful, no cunning device or dishonest arbitration shall deprive us of our rights."

Judge Hoadley is a lawyer, and he has doubtless read the Constitution of the United States. He is aware that this is a government of law, and that the law provides in what manner the question of success at an election is to be decided, and that it can not be decided lawfully in any other manner. The manner is familiar. The electors meet in their respective States, and vote by ballot. They send a certificate of their action to the President of the Senate. That officer, in the presence of the two Houses of Congress, opens the certificates. The votes are then counted, and the person having the greatest number of votes, if it be a majority of all the votes cast, is the President. In this way, and in no other, can the success of Judge Hoadley's present party, or of any other to which he may hereafter belong, be lawfully determined. Now when this process is accomplished, there can be no possible device or arbitration which can lawfully set aside the decision. What, then, does Judge Hoadley mean to suggest when he says that "if again successful, no cunning device or dishonest arbitration shall deprive us of our rights"?

These words mean, and are doubtless intended to mean, that if the lawful decision should differ from the party assumption before the decision, the party would not submit. This is either the merest vaporing, or it is a threat of revolution. Mr. Tilden, of whom Judge Hoadley was a supporter, and, we believe, an attorney, holds that he was elected in 1876. But Mr. Tilden, at least, is sensible enough to know that his or any other man's opinion of the result is not the lawful determination of an election, and that when Congress decided in what manner the votes should be counted, and ratified the count as made, its action was the only possible lawful conclusion. Mr. Tilden indeed now says that Congress abdicated its duty. But sounder constitutional lawyers than he are of a different opinion. He was much too wise to attempt to proceed upon his own assumption of his election, as Judge Hoadley intimates that his party will now proceed under similar circumstances. But if Mr. Tilden had undertaken to disregard the decision of Congress, and to put himself against the law, the country would have dealt with him in the most summary manner.

JUDGE POLAND UPON GENERAL GARFIELD.

Of all the testimony from political friends and foes to the character of General Garfield—and it is universally an expression of the highest admiration and confidence—none is more emphatic than that of Judge Poland, the chairman of the Crédit Mobilier Committee, who recently addressed the following letter to the President of the Republican State Convention:

"St. Johnsbury, Vermont, June 22, 1880.

"*To the President of the Convention:*

"Sir,—I was chosen a delegate to the Convention by the Republicans of this town, and hoped to be able to attend, but the unexpected prolongation of the court in this county prevents. I greatly regret my inability to be present. I am not at all anxious to participate in the selection of a State ticket. The Republicans of Vermont can always be safely trusted to nominate good men. I only desired to have an opportunity to express to the Convention and to Republicans everywhere my entire approval of the nominations made at Chicago. Probably no man in Vermont knows General Garfield more intimately than myself. He was in Congress during the whole of my ten years' service, and for eight years we stood together in the House, and ever on terms of friendship and intimacy. Of his eminent ability, power in debate, and untiring devotion to public service I need not speak. His long service and leading position in Congress have made him known to all the people of the country who take any interest in public affairs. But our political opponents affect to question his personal integrity and purity of character, and to base their accusation upon the evidence taken before a committee of Congress, of which I was chairman, known as the Crédit Mobilier Committee. Now I desire to say to the Convention, and to all who may feel any interest in my opinion of General Garfield, that nothing which appeared before that committee, or which appears in their report, or any other matter or thing which ever came to my knowledge in regard to him, ever led me to doubt his personal integrity. I believe him to be a thoroughly upright and honest man, and who would be so under all circumstances and against any temptation. The use that is being made of my name, and of the report of the committee, which was drawn by me, in my opinion makes it proper for me to express my personal judgment as to the character of the man. I ask you to do me the favor to communicate this note to the Convention. Luke P. Poland."

INFORMATION WANTED.

Senator Edmunds is reported to have said in a recent speech at Burlington that the only serious difficulty he ever had with the Hayes Administration was over the proposed removal of General Arthur. "I resisted the movement all I could," said he, "and finally it came out that all the reforms suggested by the Administration had long before been made by General Arthur, and pigeon-holed at Washington."

The reform suggested by the Administration rested upon the principle that minor appointments and promotions should be made upon proved merit, and not by political and personal favor. In his next speech we trust that Senator Edmunds will state the grounds of his assertion that General Arthur ever made, or favored, or recommended, such a reform.

JOHN CARTER BROWN.

At the late Commencement at Brown University the Rev. Edward Everett Hale told a very interesting story, which was received with immense applause. It was the more interesting because the gentleman of whom he spoke was the son of the old merchant whose name is commemorated by that of the university; and he was also the collector of the famous library, which is one of the richest in the world in the department of American history. Mr. Brown was, in the best sense, a gentleman of the old school, belonging to the family which for a century has been honorably eminent in the State.

Mr. Hale asked who it was that put in motion the machinery which made Kansas a Free State. "That man's name was John Brown, as you remember him. I remember him as John Carter Brown, of Providence." He proceeded:

"When the old abolitionists shrank, when they did not understand the issue, and thought it was madness, John Carter Brown, of Providence, came to the front rank, and was president of the Emigrant Aid Company. Some years afterward he resigned his presidency, greatly to the grief of the officers of the company, among whom I was a subordinate person. The matter was over, and he said he did not like to belong to a company that was winding up its affairs. That was, I think, in the year 1859. In October the other John Brown, happening to be in Virginia at the wrong time, fell in with people that did not like him, and he found himself very unpopular. At the North there were plenty of people who were ready to say that that was not their affair at all; that they didn't want anything to do with it; that this was merely a mad fanatic. What did John Carter Brown say? He wrote down to Boston: 'For God's sake withdraw my resignation as president of the Emigrant Aid Company. This is not a time when any man who is honored with bearing the name of John Brown should shrink from his obligation to the cause of freedom.' [Applause.] Not another man on the continent remembered that the rich Providence merchant in his palace bore the same name as the poor wretch who was standing on the scaffold in Virginia. But the merchant in the palace remembered it, and he left that memorial for posterity, and it is his soul that is marching on where John Brown's soul is marching on also. I don't suppose there were a dozen men in the world who knew that story before this moment. I have always wanted an opportunity to tell it in the halls of Brown University, and I thank you for giving me that opportunity." (Great applause.)

It was this quiet, unostentatious, uncompromising patriotism and devotion and energy so nobly illustrated by John Carter Brown which subsequently sustained the boys in blue, and made the Union the indissoluble bond of a free nationality.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.

Visitors throng the Metropolitan Museum of Art at the rate of more than six thousand a day, except on pay days, when the number falls to two or three hundred. The great public benefit of the Museum is as incontestable as the extraordinary interest and value of its collections. The general expenses of the last year were more than $40,000, which shows how large a fund is indispensable for a free museum, and there is no public object of the kind to which aid could be more wisely given.

The proposition to place in its gallery the Abbott Egyptian collection is one which we trust will not fail. The Historical Society, in whose building it is now deposited, will see that the objects of such a collection can best be attained in the Museum, where it takes its place in the historical sequence with the Cesnola and other collections. It is by the aggregation of such museums that the study for which they are designed can best be facilitated. Pride of ownership or "pride of place" is not to be considered, and intelligent public spirit ought not to hesitate about the union.

Strangers in New York will find no more delightful resort than this beautiful Museum upon Central Park.

STEPPING UP TO THE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE.

The Republican Congressional Committee has again issued its requisitions for "voluntary contributions" to the gentlemen in the various branches of the public service, and the requisition is accompanied with the usual statement that there will be no objection in any official quarter. The committee omit to mention, however, that the President has condemned this kind of assessment, and has said and reiterated that no person in the service need feel under any necessity to give from fear of removal, and, so far as depends upon him, every person in the service may be sure that he means what he says.

The committee's requisition is confined to the service, and kindly saves all trouble by specifying the precise sum which is expected. The copies of the circular that we have seen request about two per cent. upon the salary. This will be followed probably by a State requisition of two per cent. more, and should an emergency arise, doubtless an additional two per cent., wholly "voluntary," will be requested.

All baggage is at the risk of the owner. Every man in the service must decide for himself whether to give, and how much. The opinion and feeling of the President upon the subject are perfectly well known. He does not wish to prohibit giving, but he desires every officer to do just what he would do if he were not in the service.

PERSONAL.

Those who have read Mr. Trevelyan's *Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay* will be glad to learn that he has prepared a work entitled *The Early History of Charles James Fox*. It will be an attempt to combine history and biography, Mr. Trevelyan holding the theory that past events are most likely to come home to readers of the present day if those events are set forth as they appeared to some prominent actor in them. The period is treated as it presented itself to Fox, and the events as they group themselves round him and his family, with fullness of detail proportioned to the part he took in them. The work will fill one good-sized volume, and will appear next October, by arrangement with Mr. Trevelyan, from the press of Harper & Brothers.

—Hubert Herkomer, the distinguished British artist, is a Bavarian by birth, and has gained his fame within the short space of thirty years. His father was a wood-carver of great talent, and when Hubert was two years old they came to America, and lived here for six years, until the elder Herkomer was obliged to seek in England a better market for his work. At thirteen Hubert began his studies in an art school, and gained a medal in his first year.

—It is rumored that General Grant is going to England on a visit to his daughter.

—A correspondent, referring to the interesting article on "Summer Clubs in Great South Bay," by Colonel T. W. Knox, published in Harper's Magazine for July, calls attention to the "Schuylkill Fishing Company," which was founded, under the name of the "Colony in Schuylkill," in 1732, by a few of the original settlers, many of them emigrants with Penn to the New World. The gentlemen then composing the colony were of the first respectability and standing in society. The club has been in active operation since its foundation. The "Castle," on the banks of the Schuylkill, with its dining hall and large kitchen, is still the place of meeting. No servants are allowed on the grounds, the cooking being done by the gentlemen. Members enter first as apprentices, and after a stated time may be taken into full fellowship.

—Prince Gortchakoff, who lay for so many weeks at the point of death, still takes a lively interest in the affairs of the day, but he is unable to bear the least physical exertion. When he visited the Fishery Exhibition at Berlin, a short time ago, he had to be lifted from his carriage, and on attempting to move, with the assistance of a single servant, he literally sank to the ground, and was obliged to have recourse to an invalid's chair, in which he was wheeled round the building.

—Texas papers say that the fund for the benefit of General Hood's children has reached only $17,684, and some of them intimate that it would be a good thing to "go behind the returns."

—William H. Skinner, of Vernon, Oneida County, has given Hamilton College $10,000, the interest on which is to be applied to aid deserving students, preference being given to candidates for the ministry.

—*Vanity Fair* (London) says that an amusing case of mistaken identity occurred lately in high society in the British metropolis. What Jeames would call "two scions of a noble house" are so like each other that few people know them apart. The elder was invited to dinner by a mother well known for her assiduity in hunting the heir. Knowing the trick, he sent his younger brother, who was received with honor, was placed next the daughter whose turn it was to try for a husband, and made strong running with her. Mamma was delighted, and he was invited again and again, in due time proposing, and being accepted with joy. Then came his interview with the triumphant mother, whose horror and indignation on discovering her mistake, in which it is said her daughter shared, may be imagined.

—Dr. Magoon, of Philadelphia, has provided a $6000 scholarship at Vassar College, of which he is a trustee.

—The French Academy has awarded the Montyon prize to M. Camille Flammarion for his *Popular Astronomy*, as a supplement to which M. Flammarion is about to publish a *General Description of the Heavens*, by the aid of which "anybody may hereafter read in the heavens as he reads in a book."

—Sir Garnet Wolseley has been gazetted Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath.

—Prince William of Prussia had his left arm wrenched at the time of his birth, and it has hung powerless ever since. He therefore does not shoot or fence well. He is thickset and heavy, with loose-setting lips, and is rather sentimental of countenance. His chin is weak, while his nose is of the Hohenzollern type. He plays a fine game of whist, and is a good waltzer.

—Professor Crawford Howell Tay has been elected to fill the chair of Hebrew and other Oriental languages at Harvard College. The professor is a Southern man, who not long ago resigned the professorship of Old Testament Literature in the Baptist Seminary at Louisville, his interpretation of one of the old prophecies of Isaiah having been regarded as tending toward rationalism by the officers of the seminary and the Baptists of the South. He is distinguished as a linguist, especially in the Arabic and Armaic tongues.

—General Garfield in his school days used to take the part of "the member from New York" in the miniature House of Congress which his elocution class formed itself into. He is said to have enjoyed this exceedingly, and his oratory excelled that of all the others. He is remembered also as being at that time a really skillful artist.

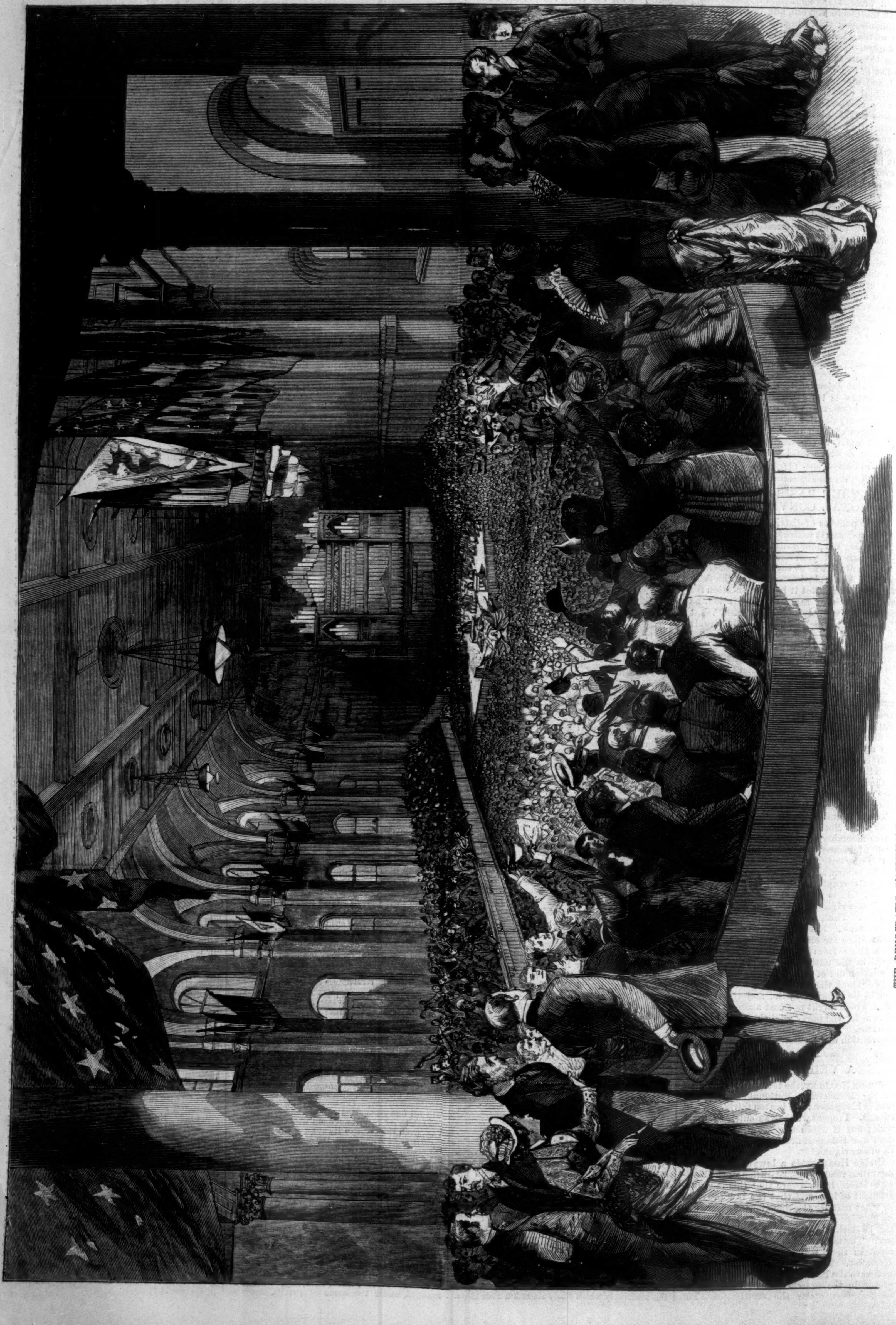
—The ex-Khedive of Egypt has lost several members of his harem by elopement during his sojourn in Naples, and has resolved to put the rest, if possible, in a place of safety. They have embarked for Stamboul, Turkey, accompanied by Redif Pasha. If they are not allowed to land, they will be taken to Egypt, and if repulsed there, they will return to Naples.

—King Louis of Bavaria is an uncomfortable sort of a ruler. He has an unpleasant habit of rising very late in the morning, and not going to bed until the following morning, which involves sending for his secretary in the middle of the night to transact state business. The unfortunate official always finds his Majesty on the alert, and vigorous as a bird at cock-crow.

—Lord Rosebery has stirred a tumult in the veins of "White's," the fashionable club of London, by introducing his jockey, Constable, to dinner there; but he is too great a favorite to touch, and the Duchess of Westminster had set the example by dining Archer, the rider of Bend Or, at Grosvenor House.

—Judge James Garland, of Lynchburg, Virginia, has just completed his eighty-eighth year. Of him a paper of that city says: "He practiced law fifty-eight years, for ten years was Judge of the Corporation Court of this city, and for eleven years was in public life as a member of the Legislature or Congress. To-day he is sitting and patiently trying cases and delivering opinions, showing great vigor of mind and considerable physical force."

—President Hinsdale, of Hiram College, tells this little story of Garfield: "Garfield's eldest child died in this house. It was a daughter, and would now have been perhaps twenty-one years old. He had just come back from Chickamauga, and Stanton had made him a major-general. He was on the way to Washington, and had no change of clothing. He had not had time to get himself a new suit of clothes. You know well enough that he was not the man to take any vanity in a uniform. But when his child was dead, and he staid over for the funeral, he had to wear that suit with the major-general's buttons on it. There was no photograph of the child, to whom they were both tenderly attached, and there being in the town a travelling photographer's wagon, he was called upon to make a picture of the little child after death. Garfield took the little creature in his lap to hold it while they made the picture, and he told me that when he looked down on the cold face of his child, his eyes fell on the buttons of the major-general, and he thought how little there was in the honors of the world."



THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION AT CINCINNATI—THE BREAK FOR HANCOCK.—From a Sketch by Frank H. Taylor.—[See Page 437.]

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

THE Democratic National Convention, which opened its session in Music Hall, Cincinnati, on the 22d of June, made speedy work of the selection of its candidates, nominating both of them on the third day. General WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK, of Pennsylvania, was chosen on the second ballot for President, and WILLIAM H. ENGLISH, of Indiana, on the first ballot for Vice-President.

The work of the Convention being so quickly concluded, the record of its proceedings may easily be chronicled within brief space. The opening day witnessed an immense assemblage of enthusiastic Democrats, who crowded the building, and waited good-naturedly for the play to begin. The Music Hall, of which an illustration is given on page 445, is a superb structure. The architectural design is a modified, modernized Gothic; the material is bright cherry-colored pressed brick, with ornaments and cappings of stone, tile, and colored brick. The front approach is by stone steps to a stone platform, and entrance is gained to a grand vestibule through any number of mammoth doorways. The general design of the hall, or auditorium, is unlike in many respects the average theatre building or opera-house, but contains features characteristic of both. The seating capacity is about 7000. There is nothing that might be called tawdry or meretricious in any part of the hall. The walls and ceilings are beautifully panelled with the wood of the common yellow poplar, which bears a rich golden color. The ceiling and gallery support comes from twenty-four iron columns painted in a reddish-brown, somewhat resembling iron rust; these columns all stand four feet from the walls, and consequently do not obstruct the vision from any part of the hall. The chairs on the ground are divided into four sections, separated by aisles five feet wide. In the west end of the hall is the mammoth organ, about which so much has been written and heard. It occupies a recess, and even then projects about fifteen feet on the stage. It is about fifty feet wide, and is a perfect forest of pipes.

The decorations were very showy. Stretched across the facing of the upper gallery was inscribed in gold letters on a scarlet ground the word "Welcome." Two large flags, with a portrait of WASHINGTON where they joined, and some drapery in bunting, comprised the decorations near the stand. From each window, on either side of the hall, from the entrance to over the stage, which was trimmed with evergreens, were hung three great flags. Around the back of the stage were shields fastened to the wall. Just in front of the desk, and raised a few inches above the level of the floor, so as to face the delegates and be in full view of them, stood the national coat of arms. A portrait of JACKSON was in the centre of it, and around the outer edge the word "Democracy." The State banners were uniform in style, and of neat design, the body being navy-blue silk, the fringe of yellow silk, and the inscriptions in gold. Across the main aisle, at the lower end of that part of the hall assigned to delegates, was a strip in blue with "Ohio Greets the Nation" on it in white letters.

The Convention was called to order on the first day by Senator BARNUM, chairman of the National Democratic Committee. Judge HOADLEY was elected temporary chairman, and the rules of the last National Convention were adopted. On the call of the roll for the appointment of committees, when New York was reached, Mr. JOHN KELLY arose and attempted to speak in behalf of the Tammany contestants, whereupon a scene of great confusion followed. In the midst of the uproar the chairman ruled that none but delegates could be recognized, and Mr. KELLY took his seat. The usual motion to refer to the Committee on Resolutions, without debate, all resolutions regarding the platform, was passed, after which the Convention adjourned for the day. On the second day the majority report of the Committee on Credentials in favor of seating both delegations from Massachusetts, and allowing the sitting delegates from the Twenty-sixth District of Pennsylvania and from the State of New York to retain their places, was adopted. A minority report advising that Tammany Hall should have twenty seats was voted down after an hour's discussion. The permanent officers were then elected, with ex-Governor STEVENSON, of Kentucky, as permanent chairman. When the roll of the States was called for the presentation of candidates, Judge STEPHEN J. FIELD was nominated by California, Hon. THOMAS F. BAYARD by Delaware, Hon. WILLIAM B. MORRISON by Illinois, Hon. THOMAS A. HENDRICKS by Indiana, Hon. ALLEN G. THURMAN by Ohio, and General W. S. HANCOCK by Pennsylvania. The first ballot was then taken, resulting as follows: Whole number of votes, 728½; necessary to a choice, 486; Hancock, 171; Bayard, 153½; Field, 65; Morrison, 62; Hendricks, 49½; Thurman, 68½; Payne, 81; Tilden, 38; Ewing, 10; Seymour, 8; Scattering, 22. The Convention then adjourned for the day.

The third and last day opened with a sensation in the announcement by RUFUS W. PECKHAM that New York had dropped Mr. TILDEN'S name from the candidacy, and that her delegates would support Speaker RANDALL. The Convention then proceeded with the balloting. The vote was as follows: Whole number of votes, 736; necessary to a choice, 491; Hancock, 319; Randall, 129½; Bayard, 113; Field, 65½; Thurman, 50; Hendricks, 31; English, 19; Tilden, 6; scattering, 3.

Before the result was announced officially, Wisconsin changed her vote, and cast 20 ballots for HANCOCK. This led instantly to the greatest confusion. A New Jersey delegate jumped up, and changed the 18 votes of that State to HANCOCK. Pennsylvania changed and cast her vote solid for him also. The excitement was now intense. The HANCOCK banner was waving and advancing to the front, the band was playing "Dixie" and "Hail to the Chief," and the delegates were cheering and howling like lunatics. SMITH WEED tried to get recognition, and when he did get it he changed the 70 votes of New York to HANCOCK. Rapid accessions followed, no man knowing how the vote stood exactly. When Ohio cast her vote for HANCOCK, the General had got two-thirds of the Convention and the nomination.

The scene was then one of the wildest uproar. All the State banners were waving and being massed in front. There was continuous shouting and cheering, and the band and great organ added to the din. The chairman, after vainly trying to restore order, refused to recognize anybody until the confusion had been subdued. The clerks being unable to make up the lists, the roll was called a second time. The result was as follows: Whole number of votes, 738; necessary to a choice, 492; Hancock, 705; Hendricks, 30; Tilden, 1; Bayard, 2.

The nomination was then made unanimous, amid great cheering. Speeches followed; Mr. KELLY and Colonel FELLOWS buried hatchets; and the band played "Dixie" first, "The Star-Spangled Banner" next, and afterward "America," "St. Patrick's Day," and "Auld Lang Syne."

Then the platform was read, and unanimously adopted. It has fourteen planks, and declares against centralization and sumptuary laws, and in favor of the separation of church and state, common schools, home rule, gold, silver, and paper convertible on demand, maintenance of the public faith, tariff for revenue only, the civil power above the military, civil service reform, a free ballot, free ships, and restriction of Chinese immigration. The old cry of fraud is raised again, the administration of President HAYES is denounced, and the resolution of SAMUEL J. TILDEN to retire from the candidacy for President "is received by the Democrats of the United States with sensibility."

When the platform had been disposed of, the nomination of Vice-President was taken up. WILLIAM H. ENGLISH, of Indiana, was chosen by acclamation, Alabama making the motion, and other States seconding it.

MAJOR-GENERAL W. S. HANCOCK, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA.

THE CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.

General WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK, the leader of the ticket, like his opponent on the Republican side, is a soldier, but unlike him has never been anything else. He entered West Point when a boy of sixteen, and from that day to this he has never been outside of a strictly military life. His proclivities in this direction came to him naturally, both his grandfathers having been soldiers in the Revolutionary war, and his father having served in the war of 1812.

He is fifty-six years of age, and was born in Hatfield Township, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania. He was graduated from West Point in 1844 in the class with lads subsequently known as Generals LONGSTREET, BURNSIDE, HILL, McCLELLAN, GRANT, JACKSON, and REYNOLDS. He was at once sent west to fight Indians; and later, at the outbreak of the war with Mexico, he went to that country and took part in several important battles. For gallantry at the battle of Cherubusco, August 20, 1847, he received the rank of Brevet First Lieutenant, and was afterward made Quartermaster of his regiment, in which capacity he served to the end of the war. Then he was assigned to duty at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, and served at different stations throughout the West until the breaking out of the great civil war. During this period of twelve years he was promoted, in the regular course, to the rank of First Lieutenant, January 7, 1853, and Captain in the Quartermaster's Department, November 7, 1855.

When the war broke out he was on duty in Southern California. He at once took a strong position as a Unionist, and obtaining leave of absence, came East, reported to General McCLELLAN, and was commissioned a Brigadier-General of Volunteers by President LINCOLN in September, 1861, and assigned to General "Baldy" SMITH'S division in Virginia.

His service during the rebellion was very active and important. In the battle of Warwick Court House he led his brigade victoriously. At Williamsburgh, where the rebels made his brigade a special object of attack, he led his men in person, and drove back his opponents, holding the ground until re-enforcements made victory certain. McCLELLAN telegraphed to President LINCOLN, "HANCOCK was superb to-day." He met the enemy again successfully at Golding's Farm, Pennsylvania, and saw hard fighting at Garnett's Hill, Savage Station, and White Oak Swamp.

For his services in the Peninsular campaign General McCLELLAN recommended HANCOCK for promotion to the rank of Major-General of Volunteers, and the brevets of Major, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Colonel in the regular army. In November, 1862, he was commissioned a Major-General of Volunteers. At South Mountain, Antietam, Mayre's Heights, and Chancellorsville he was in the thickest of the fight, but he marvellously escaped, his only wound being a slight one received at Mayre's Heights.

At Gettysburg General HANCOCK'S part was very important, commanding the rear guard as the Union army advanced. General MEADE sent word for him to hasten forward and assume command at the front, although he was not the ranking general. When he arrived, General REYNOLDS was dead, and all was confusion. Placing infantry and batteries on Cemetery Hill, he held the position until MEADE brought up the main body and secured the battle. At last, just in the moment of victory, a ball from the enemy pierced his thigh, and he would have fallen from

his horse had he not been caught in the arms of a comrade.

His wound kept him out of active service until December, 1863, when he was sent North to recruit for his corps. He went back in the following March, and took part in the battles of the Wilderness, Alesop's House, Spottsylvania Court House (where he captured Stonewall Jackson's old brigade), and Cold Harbor. For bravery at Spottsylvania he was made Brigadier-General of the regular army, August 12, 1864. He assisted in the assaults on Petersburg, was with Sheridan at Deep Bottom, commanded the Second and Tenth Army Corps on the James, and had his last fight at Boydton Road. After this, President Lincoln directed him to organize an army of 50,000 veterans, but the end of the conflict rendered their employment unnecessary.

When hostilities ceased, he took command of the Department of Missouri, and in 1866 took the field against the Indians. In July of that year he was promoted to be a Major-General in the regular army. In 1867 he was placed in command of the forces in Texas and Louisiana, and from 1869 to 1872 he was in command of the Department of Dakota. He has since been in command of the Division of the Atlantic, with his head-quarters at Governor's Island, in New York Harbor.

General Hancock was married in St. Louis, in 1856, to Miss Almira Russell, the daughter of a merchant of that city. They have had two children, a son and a daughter. The latter died in this city, of typhoid fever, five years ago, at the age of eighteen. The son is a planter in Mississippi.

THE CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

The Democratic candidate for Vice-President, William H. English, of Indiana, was born in Lexington, Indiana, August 27, 1822, and began his political career, before he had attained his majority, as a delegate to the State Convention which nominated General T. A. Howard for Governor of Indiana. His father, Major Elisha English, was a native of Kentucky, as was his mother, formerly Mahala Eastin, a descendant of Lieutenant Philip Eastin, who served in the Revolution. After receiving a common-school education he took a three years' course at South Hanover College, after which he studied law at odd times, and was admitted to the bar.

Shortly after he became of age he was appointed Postmaster of Lexington, and in 1843 was elected principal Clerk of the Indiana House of Representatives. The following year he threw himself into the political canvass with energy, and was rewarded with an appointment in the Treasury Department at Washington. Here he remained for four years, resigning his office when Taylor was inaugurated President, because, having supported Cass in the National Convention, he could not, he said, consistently hold office under his successful rival. In the Democratic National Convention of 1848, Mr. English made the acquaintance of Samuel J. Tilden; in 1850 he was Clerk of the Claims Committee of the United States Senate, and Secretary of the Convention which met at Indianapolis to revise the Constitution of the State of Indiana. In 1851 he was a member of the State Legislature, and in 1852 he took his seat in Congress as a supporter of Franklin Pierce. Mr. English was a member of the House Committee on Territories, and as such participated in the debate on the Kansas-Nebraska Bill. It is claimed that he, not Senator Douglas, was the first to enunciate the doctrine of popular sovereignty. He was elected to Congress a second term, against the Whig and Know-Nothing candidate, Judge Thomas C. Slaughter, and continued to support the political measures of President Pierce during the Thirty-fourth Congress. His third term covered the period of the controversy respecting the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution, which he opposed until that Constitution (which did not prohibit slavery) had been ratified by the people. In 1858 he was elected to Congress for the fourth time, retiring in 1860, just as the secession movement assumed menacing proportions.

He started the First National Bank of Indianapolis in 1863, and was its President for fourteen years. He has been successful in business, and is reported to be very wealthy. He is a widower, his wife having died four years ago. She was a Miss Emma M. Jackson, of Virginia. There are two children, a son and a daughter. The former was a member of the last House of Representatives of Indiana.

PURITY OF BLOOD.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

I believe that from the want of knowing how properly to retain the blood in a state of life-giving purity thousands die annually, and tens of thousands do not enjoy their existence as they otherwise might. Their name is legion who pass their lives, if living it may be called, in a condition very far indeed from that of health. They have never much to complain of, probably, while on the other hand they never can boast. Their state is perhaps best summed up in the simple but expressive word "middling," which we hear scores of times every day. Such people are very easily affected by the state of the atmosphere and by the weather, and in nine cases out of ten they are rendered constitutionally weak, from the fact that the blood in their systems is not so pure as it ought to be. They easily catch colds and other ailments because their bodies have no resisting power, being either insufficiently nourished or partly poisoned by the blood that circulates therein.

Of course there are a great many morbid conditions of the blood which may have been either acquired or inherited; of these I do not mean at present to speak, but each and all of them may be improved by observation of the general hints I am going to give to those who wish to preserve their blood in the greatest state of purity. But here are one or two facts which no one should forget: any organ and every organ in the body will be rendered weak, inactive, and probably unhealthy, if it be for a time supplied with blood of insufficient strength and purity; but even a weakly and unhealthy organ will begin to regain its strength and vigor from the very hour the blood-making process has been placed upon a purer and more healthy footing. This should give hope to many who may have been suffering long from chronic derangements of some internal organ.

Now let us see upon what purity of blood depends. As a general rule, blood is rendered weak and impure from errors in diet, and I might add errors in cooking or preparing the food that comes to our tables. I am not going to give the reader a lecture on digestion or indigestion, but I must be allowed to say that any one who imagines he can long retain health of body and purity of blood without paying attention to what he eats and drinks, and how and when he eats, imagines a very vain thing. We hear every other month almost of new "cures," as they are called, or plans of treating bodily ailments; we have cures by every possible kind of bath that can be imagined, and we have milk cures and whey cures, and even blood cures, any one of which may be good, bad, or indifferent; but there is no cure to which chronic diseases and weakness or debility of any kind will more readily or speedily yield than the plan of living by rule, for the simple reason that it tends to render the blood pure and rich; and the reason why more cures are not effected by this means is, that the plan is not oftener tried, or, when tried, not long enough persisted in.

I will now tell you of a few things which tend to render the blood pure and healthy. Rising in the morning at a reasonably early hour, and going out for a short walk before breakfast, does, previously having bathed and dressed without any undue haste. The walk need not be a long one, and a glass of pure cold water can always be taken, just before starting, with advantage, or a cup of milk by those who are weakly. Seven o'clock, or earlier in summer, is a good time to get up. It is just possible, however, that when called you may be enjoying a sound sleep, not having rested very well in the first part of the night. If such be the case, are you to get up? Yes, get up all the same; you will sleep better next night. Secure yourself being aroused at a certain hour every morning by an alarm or otherwise. Early rising is a habit that is not by any means difficult to acquire, but it really is a blessed one. The walk, too, before breakfast may not be relished for a time, but it will soon be found to have improved the appetite. The breakfast on the live-by-rule principle should be a fairly substantial one both in quality and quantity. As to the latter, be guided by your own judgment; there ought to be a sense of satiety after eating, but no feeling of fullness and no depression of spirits or sleepiness. The morning meal, and indeed all meals, ought to be taken at the same hour every day. By getting up soon you gain many advantages, two of which are these: you have not to hurry through with breakfast—due mastication is the very first act in the manufacture of healthy blood—and you can spare half an hour after the meal before going to work or business; this gives the stomach a fair start, and enables it to do its work properly. If you have more than half an hour to spare, and letters to write, by all means write them, for the evening before retiring to rest should be a time of perfect peace of mind and repose of body.

Those who are not very strong should dine early, and adopt the habit of having a rest in the recumbent position for about an hour afterward—the Spanish siesta, in fact. I do not think it does harm to sleep, but, failing sleep, one should read, and read a newspaper; this requires no continued effort of thought, and if it should render the reader drowsy, he can place it over his head, and thus secure forty winks. Why a newspaper placed in this position should be in some measure a narcotic I won't pretend to say with certainty; whether it be that the slight crackling of the paper hides other sounds, and that draughts are excluded, and a degree of warmth and retirement conducive to sleep be obtained, I know not; but the fact remains—it is.

Now as the blood is largely composed from the food we eat, we should never forget what that food should consist of. It must contain a mixture, and no alimentary principle should preponderate. Some people are inordinately fond of certain kinds of food, and would make it a grand staple of diet. This may be bread, meat, or potatoes, but the habit of using a quantity of any one thing is one which must be got over. The blood needs nitrogenous substances to be converted into albumen and fibrin to build up the muscular and nervous tissues. Fatty foods are also wanted in due proportion; they are essential to the maintenance of mechanical force, and to the heat supply of the body. Starches and sugars are also heat-givers. The purity of the blood can not be maintained without certain salts; these are obtained from the flesh food we eat. Highly spiced dishes should be avoided. Tea and coffee and cocoa should be taken in moderation; they are all refreshing both to body and mind. Sound sleep is necessary, and it should be earned by exercise.

A person who wishes to possess pure blood must be as much of his time as possible in pure air; he must avoid stifling close bedrooms as he would a pestilence, and he must take sufficient exercise without fatigue.

The condition of the blood depends, too, greatly on the amount of food we eat. The rule as to this is that sufficient should be taken, but no more than will make up for the daily loss of tissue. Men who work much with either body or mind require more food of a flesh and nerve forming kind than those who don't. Two conditions of the blood call for a word or two ere I conclude. The first is plethora, or fullness of blood, the most common cause of which is too free living. It is a highly dangerous state, and far from a comfortable one; the blood may be healthy, but it is in excess. It often relieves itself by the bursting of small blood-vessels; this forms a safety-valve if the blood can escape from the body; if otherwise, it means death. A condition like this calls aloud for abstemiousness of every kind, for plenty of exercise, and the total avoidance of fermented liquors or alcohol, and the occasional use of saline aperients.

Poverty of the blood is the very reverse of this. The symptoms are almost too well known to need description. The pale face, the blanched appearance of the gums, the occasional headache, the weakness of digestion, the irregularity of bowels, the nervousness, the general debility and languor, and the mental depression, all point to an impoverished state of the vital fluid. Here there must be a careful regulation of diet; excess of every kind must be avoided. The food should be nutritious and easy of digestion. Moderate exercise should be taken, sleep secured, and perfect repose of mind. Tonics, too, should be used. Iron is our usual sheet-anchor, and may be taken in some form for months. If an aperient be necessary, the following pill, taken three times a day, after meals, will be found very useful: it is composed of three grains of aloes-and-myrrh pill and two grains of the granulated sulphate of iron. As a blood-purifier and nutrient I can not speak too highly of milk.

THE LITTLE MAN IN GRAY.

By MARY A. BARR.

There's a little man in gray,
That many a time a day
Passes both up and down our quiet street;
He stops at every door—
The rich man's and the poor—
Then hurries on with quick unresting feet.

He does not care to speak
To men whom he must seek;
He never heeds how anxiously they wait;
He sees no watching eyes,
No looks of soft surprise:
Onward he goes like some calm careless Fate.

Within his hand he bears
A thousand hopes and cares,
Sealed tokens for the young, the old, the gay;
No word of Czar or King
Can half such changes bring;
No one is watched for like the man in gray.

The merchant risking gold
In ventures manifold;
The lover pining for his lady's grace;
Parents that fondly pray
For children far away;
The statesman plotting for some power or place;

The brave men fighting hard
For some well-earned reward,
And timid youths that only watch for bread—
All men, where'er they stay,
Watch for the man in gray,
And hear with beating hearts his rapid tread.

Be calm and cheerful all,
And do not fear his call:
Good fortune comes as easily as ill.
The little man in gray,
Though he call every day,
Can only bring whatever is God's will.

A BITTER GAIN.

A remarkable affinity existed between the occupants of two separate windows in one of a dingy row of brick houses one exceptionally hot summer not many years ago; it was the more remarkable that these two people were very unlike each other, being of opposite sexes, the one a grizzled, gruff, grumpy bachelor on the wrong side of fifty, the other a round, rosy, rollicking maiden of "sweet and twenty." The man was evidently a foreigner, the woman an unmistakable American, and these two heads, framed by the embrasures of the separate windows, formed a strong contrast. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and both of them were looking for the postman—she from her attic window, he from his second floor front. They had been looking for the postman every day for a fortnight, and hope deferred had paled the cheek and subdued the merriment of the maiden, while it deepened the already rubicund color and sharpened the already testy temperament of the man. Presently appeared in sight the brisk, dapper little fellow in the gray uniform, with his bag strapped over his shoulder, stepping along from house to house, dealing joy and sorrow, surprise, fear, ecstasy, all the emotions incident to poor hapless humanity, as he went. But he dealt nothing to the two anxious watchers in the dingy brick row. Their heads simultaneously turned to watch him as he disappeared around a neighboring corner. The man grunted out a bitter ejaculation, and slammed down the window; the girl sighed, and with difficulty repressed a sob as she closed the blind.

The next day at four o'clock the same pantomime was enacted. The same anxiety, hope, fear, disappointment, were painted on the two faces. The girl brushed the tears from her eyes, and put wearily back her hair. As the man, with his usual expletive of disgust and disappointment, tugged at the blind, a puff of wind blew the light ribbon from the hair of the girl straight down into his eyes, and from thence to the floor of his room. He saw it at once. It lay upon the faded carpet almost under his feet. His first impulse was to tramp upon it as he marched to and fro, growling at the hard luck that shut him up in this hot hole during the dog-days. His next impulse was to kick the bauble aside; but it was not of a kickable nature, and clung close to his feet. He stooped at last and took it from the floor, and found it suspiciously damp.

"She's been sniffling again," he said. "As usual, she gets no letter, and cries; I get no letter, and I swear. I wonder which is the most consoling. And why in thunder *don't* she get her letter? She can't have any rascally lawyers to deal with, that lie and cajole, and cheat and steal. She can't be waiting for a witness to come from the other side of the world to testify in a case that ought to have been settled before he went to sea. I believe it was a conspiracy on the part of these infernal lawyers to dawdle along with the case, and not discover the existence of this Martin Malloy till he had shipped again, and was well out of their call. And now it appears that the fate of the suit depends upon the testimony of this fellow before the mast. At least five thousand pounds of my money at this present moment is at stake in the life of a miserable sailor far out at sea." Here his soliloquy was interrupted by a light tap at the door. "Come," he growled, without turning his head.

He thought it was his landlady, Mrs. Matson, for whom he had no particular affection, or her rough-featured domestic, that he felt certain was shortening his life by her miserable cookery. But a gentle voice said, "Did you want anything, sir?" And turning, he beheld his landlady's daughter. And how in the world she could bear that relation to the fat, swarthy, coarse, and commercial female who kept the house, this lodger could not imagine. Her eyes were so soft and brown, so pleading and innocent, frank and confiding as a little child's, whereas her mother's were narrow and sharp, distrustful and cunning.

The young girl flushed under this scrutinizing gaze, and said again, "You didn't want anything, then, Mr. McGraw? Mother said you pounded on the floor."

"Pounded!" said Mr. McGraw; "of course I pounded. If I don't get a letter soon, I'll make smithereens of some of this horse-hair furniture about me. If your mother has any regard for her squint-eyed ancestor over there, she'd better take him down and out of the way. He's been following me about with that damaged leer of his for the last fortnight. It's a mercy I haven't stabbed him through the canvas. And, say," he added, for the girl was fast vanishing out of his sight, and she was a wondrous pleasant article to look upon in this gloomy old barrack—"say," said Mr. Graw. He was still twirling the bit of blue ribbon in his fingers, and now held it out to the young girl. "It fell in the window to-day as we were both looking for that confounded postman. I hope we'll have better luck to-morrow, Maggie."

"I thought sure we would to-day, sir," said Maggie, blushing and sighing. "I had a good sign this morning."

"What was that, Maggie?" said Mr. McGraw, still holding his end of the blue ribbon.

"Why, see, sir," she said, and pointed to the skirt of her dress. "I put it on wrong side out this morning, and never changed it, for Martin used to say it was a sure sign of good luck."

"And who is Martin?" said Mr. McGraw. "It so happens that I am interested in that name."

"The one I'm looking for a letter from, sir. The vessel was due a month ago;" and here her voice broke, and the brown eyes filled with tears.

"A sailor with the name of Martin?" said Mr. McGraw, with increased interest. "What's his last name, Maggie?"

"Malloy, sir—Martin Malloy."

"God bless my soul!" said Mr. McGraw; "this is a remarkable coincidence! Why, Maggie, this is the very man I'm waiting to hear from. A heavy sum of my money depends upon this friend of yours. I suppose he is more than a friend, Maggie?"

"We're promised to be married, sir, after this voyage. He had a chance of rising to second mate; and oh, I'm so sorry we waited!"

"So am I," said Mr. McGraw. "If he'd stopped long enough to be married, we might have got hold of him for a witness, and that would have been the making of many a thousand pounds for me; but never mind, Maggie; let's depend upon the augury of the petticoat. You see our fates are linked together, and as only one of us wears a petticoat, the one garment must serve for us both; and I'll tell you what, Maggie"—for she was fast vanishing again, and he *hated* to see her go—"I'll tell you what; when Martin comes back, and wins for me this money, a good round sum of it shall go for a wedding outfit for you."

"If he only comes back!" said Maggie, and went out the door, leaving the ribbon still in the hand of Mr. McGraw—a meditative, softened, altogether changed expression upon his face.

"A most remarkable coincidence!" he repeated to himself. "This accounts for the interest I've taken in that girl from the start. A queer freak of destiny has thrown us together, and here we are both hanging upon the fate of this sailor. I don't suppose he's worthy of her. No doubt he's a rough, common, abusive brute; but he's young"—here Mr. McGraw gave vent to a grunt that was meant for a sigh—"and, I suppose, after his low fashion, good-looking." Here Mr. McGraw kicked over the ottoman that obstructed his way, put the blue ribbon in his vest pocket, drew a chair to the window, filled his pipe, and looking out upon a triangular bit of the western sky, fell into a profound reverie.

The next morning Maggie was at her old post at the attic window. Mr. McGraw was also rattling at his blinds; but he looked fully as often up at Maggie as he did down the street for the postman, and was quite jocular and smiling for a man of his nervous temperament.

"Any more signs, Maggie?" he said, almost dislocating his neck to get a good look at her pretty face.

Maggie shook her head, and smiled mournfully.

"I dreamed of white horses, sir, and mother says it's a bad sign."

"Your mother is always a f—" Here the postman stopped at the door, and nobody will ever know whether Mr. McGraw meant to call his landlady a fine woman or a fool, for all further conversation was stopped by the coming of the long-looked-for letters. There was one for Maggie, and one for Mr. McGraw. Maggie had run down to the door, taken both letters, and fled up stairs again. Her hand was trembling and cold as she put the letter in Mr. McGraw's hand.

"I'm afraid to open mine," she said; "it's in a strange handwriting." Mr. McGraw watched her disappear, then tore open his own envelope without a tremor. At the first sentence, however, Mr. McGraw started, and put his spectacles firmer upon his nose, and by the time he had read the missive half through, his face had become the index of many conflicting emotions. All at once there was a heavy thump upon the floor of the room above.

"My God!" said Mr. McGraw, "she's got the news already." And rushing out of the room and up the stairs as fast as his rather gouty legs could carry him, he saw the poor girl stretched lifeless upon the floor, the fatal letter crumpled in her hand. Then he pounded in right good earnest; and being a man of action, had proper restoratives used, a doctor brought, and after a time poor Maggie wearily opened her eyes. The moment she saw Mr. McGraw she screamed and fainted again.

"I'm a bitter reminder of her loss," said Mr. McGraw. The doctor and Maggie's mother looked at him inquiringly, wondering how Mr. McGraw could remind Maggie of the drowning of her lover. But Mr. McGraw did not explain; he merely stepped aside when Maggie opened her eyes again. After her first long, sobbing breath, her first words were for Mr. McGraw.

"Where is he?" she said. "Let him come to me. He has lost his money, and I have lost—" Here the words froze on her lips, and she held out her hands to Mr. McGraw, who had reached the couch upon which they had lifted her. She put her arms about his neck, and sobbed there like a little child. Mr. McGraw had lived a lonely bachelor's life; his kith and kin were far away. This was a new experience for him—new and strangely sweet. For years and years the fragrant breath of a woman had not touched his lips. His eyes were wet and blurred; a queer choking sensation arose in his throat; his voice was husky as he blurted out some consoling words.

"He can never come back to speak for you," said poor Maggie. "You have lost all your money. I'm very sorry for you, Mr. McGraw."

She meant she was sorry for herself, but the poor child craved companionship in her grief.

Heaven knows she got it from Mr. McGraw. From this time out he became devoted to the duty of assuaging the grief of the bereaved girl. He filled his pockets with bonbons, and ribbons, and the various gewgaws he thought would soften the affliction of a girl of twenty, and failing with those, sought to distract her by junketings to parks and promenades and shows, and finding these were distasteful to her, at last yielded to her desire to go down to the wharves where the big ships lay. Here they spent hour after hour, Mr. McGraw content to hold one of her hands in his while the other lay idly in her lap, and her eyes went wistfully wandering out over the water, till the shadows grew longer and longer, and the day was done. Then he would say, gently, "Come, Maggie," and she would obey in a sweet dutiful fashion, lifting her face to his, full of some sort of affection—he didn't stop to consider what it was; but Maggie knew that she owed this luxury of melancholy entirely to Mr. McGraw. He had coaxed her mother into giving over Maggie's ordinary drudgery to other hands, so that she could have the comfort of nursing her grief under the auspices of Mr. McGraw. His landlady had, indeed, needed very little persuasion, and met his entreaties half way. Mr. McGraw found nothing distasteful in this maternal solicitude, having for years parried the thrusts and caterings of anxious mothers in behalf of their portionless daughters, the more so as it furthered his own happiness, and rendered him more and more comfortable as time went by.

Now that the hot summer was gone, and the stormy winds of winter began to blow, the old brick lodgings were not so gloomy. The obliquely visioned ancestor had been taken from the wall; the horse-hair furniture covered with a gay chintz; the rusty grate was rubbed into a rubicund brightness, and therein the coals blazed generously. There was no stint in the maternal blessings showered upon this lodger, and Mr. McGraw, for the first time, appreciated his dealings with a commercial woman, who was willing to spend money when there was considerable to be made by it. This excellent woman even endeavored to put an air of smartness into Maggie's wardrobe, and garnished her cloak with a crimson trimming. Maggie wore the cloak, but her face was sadly out of keeping with the brave garment. She had grown so much more subdued, and so much older in her manner and appearance, that Mr. McGraw felt more and more at ease in her society, and of the two he began to appear the brightest, and wore an air of briskness and vigor that went far to make up for his mature years. His lawyers declared that never, in the whole course of their experience, had they seen a man possessed with such admirable philosophy.

"At least five thousand pounds swept away with this unlucky sailor, and McGraw never murmurs about it," said one of the legal gentlemen.

"Adversity seems to soften him," replied the other. "He hasn't cursed anybody or anything for six months."

"Still he don't seem crushed or oldened by the blow."

"On the contrary, he gets younger every day."

Which really was a fact. Happiness was an extraordinary renovator to Mr. McGraw, and the neighbors declared kindly that he and Maggie looked very well together. "Oh, a man is always young if he's got means," they added.

As the months went by, it began to be generally conceded by all concerned that Mr. McGraw was "paying attention" to Maggie, and she was treated with that rare consideration that her good luck demanded.

The only creature that seemed utterly ignorant of the situation was poor Maggie herself, who had never for a moment forgotten her dead sailor, or ceased reviving his memory to Mr. McGraw, who seemed the only one that could fully sympathize with her and console her. Prodded on by the encouraging hints and allusions of the girl's mother, Mr. McGraw had endeavored to infuse into his manner something of the bearing of a lover, but Maggie invariably received these advances with the gentle gratitude that had become a part of her nature, and Mr. McGraw instinctively shrank from anything that might shock her delicacy, or estrange her from him. He resolved to bide his time, winning gradually all of her heart that was left from the possession of the dead sailor, accustoming her to the practice of associating their lives together, teaching her to lean upon him, and seek from him what happiness she could call her own. Then when some happy moment arrived in which he could win her to share her life with him, he would trust to his own exertions to win her love. Life was a weary burden in the old boarding-house, compared to the luxury he could offer her. Then he could see that he was making himself necessary to her. One morning, as they stood upon the long pier and looked out to sea, he said to the girl clinging to his arm, "Shall you be sorry, my dear, to see me one of these days sailing away from you in a ship like that one over yonder, never perhaps to look upon your sweet face again?"

She said no word, but clung closer to his arm, and two big tears rolled out of her eyes. He took courage then to put his arm about her—not but that it had often been there before, but that was in a fatherly sort of way.

"Would you be afraid, Maggie, to cross the sea with me?" he said.

"Afraid!" she replied; "I could never be afraid of the sea."

There was an unpleasant inflection in these words that was closely connected with the dead sailor, and Mr. McGraw essayed still another inquiry. "Don't you love me a little, Maggie?" he said.

"I love you better than anybody *now*," she said.

He longed to ask her if her love was anything of the nature of the ardent passion she had once held for the sailor Malloy, but of course he refrained, and indeed was well content with his present happiness. Mr. McGraw felt certain of the future. There seemed no obstacle to his happiness, and that very day he resolved to get his affairs in shape so that he could leave the country at a moment's notice. He stooped and kissed Maggie good-by, and started off blithely to see his lawyers.

"Don't be long," she called from the window. "I shall wait here till you come back."

"God bless the child!" said poor Mr. McGraw. "There certainly now is nothing to hinder our happiness."

The lawyers were out, and the office was in care of the boy. On a low chair by the door a man sat, with his head resting upon his hands, and his hands resting upon his knees. His whole appearance was of that slipshod nature that it seemed as if he might fall to pieces at any moment. His frame, of Herculean dimensions, was the more pitiable that the flesh had shrunken from his bones, and the features of his face were harsh and forbidding in their prominence. His clothes were faded and patched, his hat was pulled over his eyes, and altogether he was a most forlorn and pitiable object in this office of a prosperous solicitor.

In the heyday of happiness, how could Mr. McGraw pass this wretched fellow-creature by without a word?

"Good-morning, my poor fellow," he said. "You seem to be in a sorry plight. Can I do anything for you?"

"You can tell me," said the man, in a hoarse and hollow voice, "if it's true that these people here will be glad to see me. I'm told there's a reward offered for any news of me, and I'd like a little money to prink up before I go to see my sweetheart. She'll be thinking it's my ghost if I go to her like this."

"Some wretched criminal," thought Mr. McGraw, "who has risked everything to see the woman he loves. See here, my good fellow," he said, lowering his voice, "if this money will be of any use to you, take it, and go; but I'd keep clear of the law if I were you."

"Why, thank you, sir," said the man, putting back the bills, "but I'm no beggar. I'll wait and hear what these sharks have to say."

At that moment the senior lawyer entered, and turned upon the fellow a distrustful glance. "What do you want here?" he said, sharply.

"I want the money that was offered for news of a shipwrecked sailor called Martin Malloy."

"I offered ten pounds," said the lawyer, turning to Mr. McGraw.

"The devil you did!" said Mr. McGraw, who had fallen into a chair, and was gazing at the man with strained eyes. "This Malloy is dead," he added, still keeping his eyes upon the man.

"He ain't quite dead," said the man, "but as near it as he likes to be." Then he went on to tell the story of the wreck, the exposure in the open boat, the agony and starvation, the death and insanity of most of the crew. It was an old story, repeated very often, but the lawyer and Mr. McGraw seemed to hang upon every word that fell from the lips of the miserable mariner. Mr. McGraw's face grew old and wrinkled as he listened. The lawyer at length uttered an ejaculation of joy. "I congratulate you, Mr. McGraw," he said, turning to his client: "your money is as safe as if you held it in your hands."

But Mr. McGraw had fallen back against the wall. They loosened his neck-tie, and threw water in his face.

"By Jove!" said the lawyer, "your joyful news has been too much for him. A big part of his money was at stake, you see, and he's hidden his feelings so long under a mask of resignation that now he is overcome. Get a cab at once," he added, to the boy.

But Mr. McGraw revived, and by the time the cab reached the office he was able to go home alone. He, however, asked Martin to go with him; and as the cab rolled along, his eyes were still fixed upon his dilapidated companion.

"Nobody would know you, I suppose?" he said to the sailor.

"Not a soul, sir," said Martin.

"Not even the—a—the person you spoke of as your sweetheart?"

"She least of any," said Martin. "I think she'd run away from me on sight."

"You think so?"

"I'm sure of it. I bet you a dollar she would."

"Yet it wouldn't pain you?"

"Why no—why should it? Women-folks are made that way. But I'll soon prink up if I get a chance."

He began to prink up already, put his hat back, and brushed his rumpled hair from his forehead, looked from the window of the cab with the air of a man to whom life was unspeakably rare and sweet. He was emaciated, shrunken, sallow, fierce-eyed, and forlorn; he was poor and patched; but Mr. McGraw would willingly have taken his place in the race for happiness; he knew that all was lost. Here was Martin Malloy; that was the end of everything.

The thought came a little too late that seeing her long-lost lover might kill the girl or drive her mad. He began to explain to Martin, as gradually as he could, that the house to which they were journeying was the one that contained his sweetheart. Mr. McGraw chose the most careful phraseology he could muster, but the sailor seemed all at once to get on fire. He flung his hat upon the seat beside him; he stretched from the window his long shrunken neck.

"You'd better get out and come in after I've broken it to her. It may kill her; it may drive her mad. The shock was a terrible one to me," said Mr. McGraw.

"That be hanged!" said Martin. "You're an old man, you know, and thought of your money—but my Maggie!" here he stopped, and the flame of delight and desire burned in his cheeks and eyes. He grew suddenly young and strong under the gaze of poor Mr. McGraw.

Maggie sat there by the window, as she had promised. Oh, the bitterness of that moment to one, the happiness to the other! One moment Mr. McGraw saw her as he had left her—pale, calm, subdued, patient; the next, a crimson glow had leaped to her face, then left it paler than before; suddenly it disappeared, and Mr. McGraw thought it had fallen away somewhere in a faint; but presently it shone on the breast of the sailor, so radiant and beautiful that it dazzled poor Mr. McGraw.

"Why, you did know me," said Martin, tears bursting out of his burning eyes. "By thunder, in spite of everything, she did know me! I owe you a dollar, Mr. McGraw!"

"And, 'Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound,'" quoted Mr. McGraw, with a bitter grin.

What more can be said? The wedding took place a little later on, after the lawsuit had been decided in favor of Mr. McGraw. Maggie's wedding trip was across the sea, but not in a steamer. It was in a trig little vessel, which Mr. McGraw gave as a wedding present, at the express request of the bride.

"Martin wouldn't give up the sea," she said.

"And you wouldn't give up Martin?" said Mr. McGraw.

"Why, no, sir, not for the world," said the foolish girl.

So poor Mr. McGraw took passage alone.

BIBLE NAMES IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.

If we look over the pages of the directories of West Yorkshire and East Lancashire, and strike out the surnames, we could imagine we were consulting anciently inscribed registers of Joppa or Jericho. It would seem as if Canaan and the West Riding had got inextricably mixed.

What a spectacle meets our eye! Within the limits of ten leaves we have three Pharaohs, while as many Hephzibahs are to be found on one single page. Adah and Zillah Pickles, sisters, are milliners. Jehoiada Rhodes makes saws—not Solomon's sort—and Hariph Crawshaw keeps a farm. Vashni, from somewhere in the Chronicles, is rescued from oblivion by Vashni Wilkinson, coal merchant, who very likely goes to Barzillai Williamson, on the same page, for his joints, Barzillai being a butcher. Jachin, known to but a few as situated in the Book of Kings, is in the person of Jachin Firth, a beer retailer, familiar to all his neighbors. Heber Holdsworth, on one page, is faced by Er Illingworth on the other. Asa and Joab are extremely popular, while Abner, Adna, Ashael, Erastus, Eunice, Benaiah, Aquila, Elihu, and Philemon enjoy a fair amount of patronage. Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, having been rescued from Chaldæan fire, have been deluged with baptismal water. How curious it is to contemplate such entries as Lemuel Wilson, Kelita Wilkinson, Shelah Haggas, Shadrach Newbold, Neriah Pearce, Jeduthan Jempson, Azariah Griffiths, Naphtali Matson, Philemon Jakes, Hameth Fell, Eleph Bisat, Malachi Ford, or Shallum Richardson! As to other parts of the Scriptures, I have lighted upon name after name that I did not know existed in the Bible at all till I looked into the Lancashire and Yorkshire directories.

The Bible has decided the nomenclature of the north of England. In towns like Oldham, Bolton, Ashton, and Blackburn, the clergyman's baptismal register is but a record of Bible names. A clerical friend of mine christened twins Cain and Abel only the other day, much against his own wishes. Another parson on the Derbyshire border was gravely informed, at the proper moment, that the name of baptism was Ramoth-Gilead. "Boy or girl, eh?" he asked, in a somewhat agitated voice. The parents had opened the Bible hap-hazard, according to the village tradition, and selected the first name the eye fell on. It was but a year ago a little child was christened Tellno in a town within six miles of Manchester, at the suggestion of a cotton spinner, the father, a workman of the name of Lees, having asked his advice. "I suppose it must be a Scripture name?" said his master. "Oh yes, that's of course." "Suppose you choose Tellno?" said his employer. "That 'll do," replied the other, who had never heard of it before, and liked it the better on that account. The child is now Tellno Lees ("lees" being the Lancashire way of pronouncing "lies"), the father, too late, finding that he had been hoaxed. "Sirs," was the answer given to a bewildered curate, after the usual demand to name the child. He objected, but was informed that it was a Scripture name, and the verse "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" was triumphantly appealed to.

There is, again, a story of a clergyman making the customary demand as to name from a knot of women round the font. "Ax her," said one. Turning to the woman who appeared to be indicated, he again asked, "What name?" "Ax her," she replied. The third woman, being questioned, gave the same reply. At last he discovered the name to be the Scriptural Achsah, Caleb's daughter—a name, by-the-way, which was somewhat popular with our forefathers.

LILAC BUSHES.

By MARY D. BRINE.

Under the lilac bushes,
 When the bloom was at its height,
Under the fragrant lilacs,
 We stood on a summer's night,
While he told me the old, old story—
 Old, and yet ever new;
And I listened, because I loved him:
 What else could a woman do?

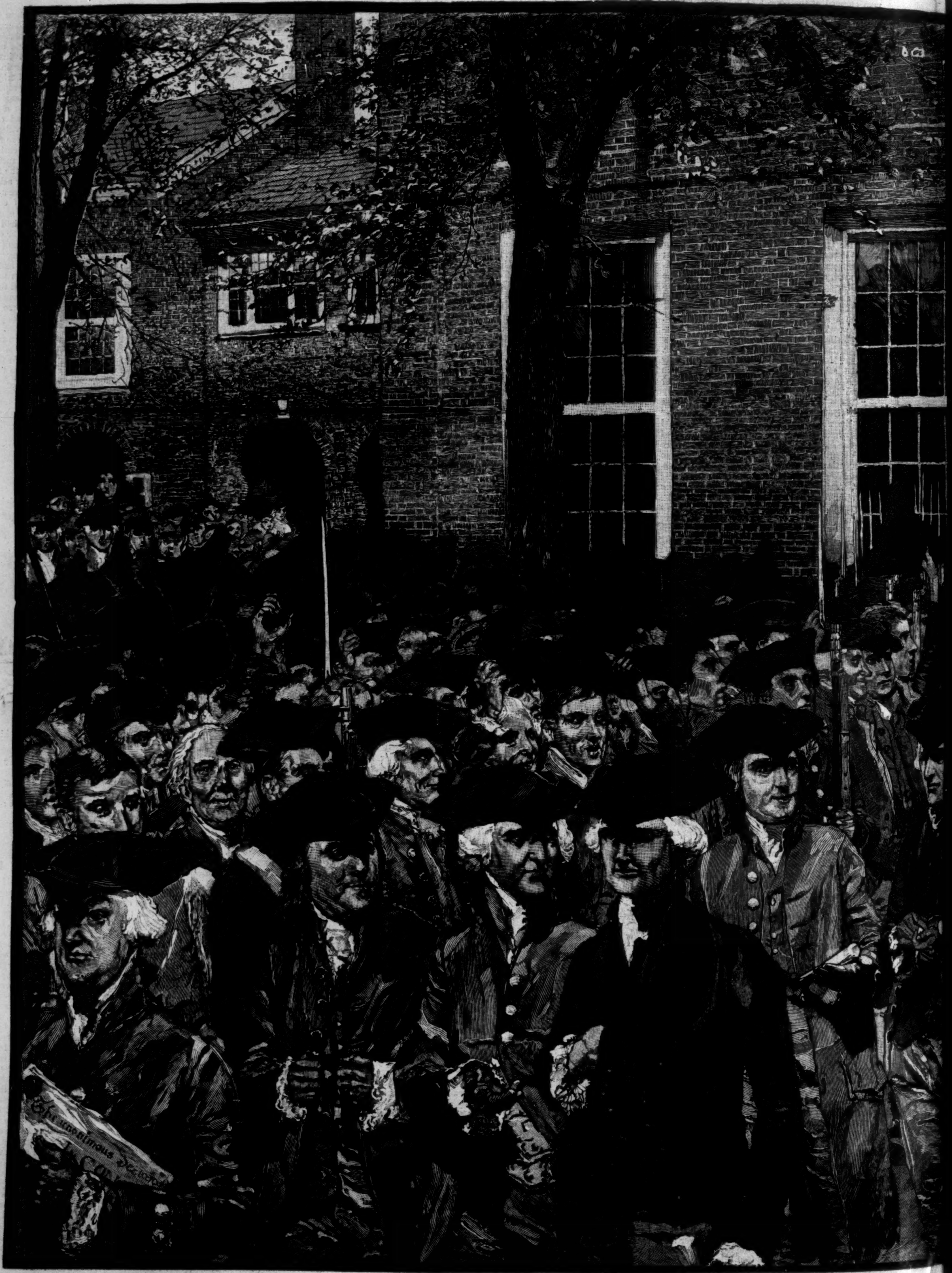
Under the lilac bushes,
 Only ourselves alone,
I bent to his lightest whisper,
 I thrilled to his lowest tone.
He painted a glowing future,
 Beautiful, fond, and true,
And I listened, because I believed him:
 What else could a woman do?

Oh, such a glorious summer!
 Never its like before;
Never such wealth of gladness
 Had flooded a glad heart o'er;
Never such joy in living
 Under the heavens blue;
And I loved him, *because* I loved him:
 What else could a woman do?

Where is he now? Why ask me?
 For I am learning to-day
There are always two sides to a story,
 Look at it as we may.
Some one will read the right side;
 The wrong has fallen to me,
And my heart has refused to question
 Where its false love may be.

A NICE PLACE TO LIVE IN.

The entomologist might make himself happy in Morocco, if his enthusiasm rose superior to the weaknesses of the flesh, though it must be confessed that the locusts would be a scourge to the farming interest. Some Italian travellers, happening to have no taste in that way, suffered and complained bitterly. Exhausted as they were with heat and hard riding, the anxiously expected noonday siesta too often became a matter of form. Hardly had they stretched themselves upon the ground, when they were assaulted, tormented, stung upon every side, as if they had chosen a bed of nettles; caterpillars, spiders, monstrous ants, hornets, and grasshoppers, big, impudent, and determined, swarmed about them. Close by them was a monstrous spider's web, spread over some bushes like a sheet hung out to dry. In other places they had warnings of the evils to come, in the ominous buzzing from the long grass. The ants were moving in long black lines, beetles were in bunches, and grasshoppers were as thick as flies. It was impossible to secure the tents from the intrusion of monstrous spiders and lizards, and of centipedes half a foot long, while the ordinary domestic bug abounded, and was extraordinarily voracious. Snakes and scorpions were so common everywhere that it seems a marvel that no one of the party was bitten by them. As for the locusts, with their innumerable hordes, the account of their periodical visitations is appalling. One of the attendants described them with animated eloquence, and from what we gather in confirmation from other authorities, it would be difficult for even an Oriental to exaggerate their horrors. "A black cloud! You can hear the noise from afar off. They have their Sultan, the Sultan Jeraad, who guides them. They cross roads and fields, houses, *duars*, and woods. The cloud grows and grows, and comes and comes, and eats and eats and eats, passes rivers, passes walls, passes fields; destroys grass, flowers, leaves, fruit, grain, bark of trees, and goes and goes."



THE FIRST PUBLIC READING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE—THE MEMB

[...]MEMB[ERS] OF CONGRESS LEAVING INDEPENDENCE HALL.—Drawn by Howard Pyle.—[See Page 442.]

THE FIRST READING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

On the 8th of July, 1776, at Philadelphia, a procession of intelligent Americans passed out of the venerable State-House, and ascending a platform at the front on Walnut Street, prepared to commit an act of treason against King George, of daring self-devotion to the interests of mankind. They had not only declared themselves free, independent, they were resolved to read publicly their declaration to their countrymen and the world. Since Luther had nailed his theses to the church at Wittenberg, no such important paper had been written by human pen or delivered by human lips. It was to be the signal to the people to rise from their bondage in Europe and America. We who can survey the political and moral progress of a hundred years—since Franklin, Adams, Jefferson, and their associates proclaimed themselves rebels at Philadelphia—may distinctly trace the wonderful results of their rare courage, their greatness. To them the future was covered with doubt and gloom. Yet it is seldom that men who do great deeds are wholly without a consciousness of the good that must follow from them. The calm Franklin felt that the New World was prepared for freedom; the ardent Adams glowed with the thought that future generations would celebrate the day with bonfires and glad congratulations. They could only faintly see as yet the beginning of a new era: perhaps it might early close in disaster and public ruin. The war was already upon them. The immense military power of England was directed against the colonies. The vast fleets of Howe and the great army of invasion had gathered in New York Harbor. All the powers of reaction were in league to crush the voice of struggling truth, and the declaration of human rights so boldly published at Philadelphia might soon be trodden under foot by the mercenary soldiers of the king.

The day was fine, the sun shone brightly. An immense throng of people had gathered around the State-House to listen to the language of freedom. All was joy and hope. There was no trace of fear in all the great multitude, but an assurance of final triumph. At twelve o'clock the city officials, the Congressmen, the sheriff, and the reader were at their posts. John Nixon, who had been selected on account of his sonorous voice to read for the first time the Declaration to the people, led the procession of the representatives as they filed from their chamber to the public rostrum. Franklin came next, almost the founder of the new nation. He was now seventy years old, his frame still vigorous, his intellect, like Plato's, growing calmer and clearer with time. The next ten years of his life were to be the most laborious and the most important of all. He had snatched the lightning from the heavens; he was now to wrest the sceptre from the hands of tyrants. Franklin's venerable face and form on this memorable occasion, as he modestly walked to the platform, must have convinced the people that philosophy and discretion were now satisfied that there was no hope for freedom but in resistance. He had pledged his liberty and life for his country. Next came the impulsive orator, John Adams, to whose effective eloquence on the 2d of July is ascribed the final passage of the act of independence. He was thirty years younger than Franklin, in the full strength of his powers. Eager, ardent, ambitious, studious, the cultivated school-master of Worcester had now become one of the world's benefactors. Beside him, and still younger—he was only thirty-three—the tall thin form of Thomas Jefferson might be seen, the author of the admirable appeal. The keenest, subtlest intellect of his time, Jefferson had embraced the principles of democracy with ardor, and labored to discover and heal the woes of the people. Samuel Adams followed, the pure democrat, who believed more than Jefferson taught, whose life of self-devotion proved the value of freedom. To him John Adams was accustomed to ascribe the decisive blow that divided the New World from the Old. He determined the future fate of generations of men. Hancock was with them, the polished, graceful merchant, wealthy, singularly aspiring, who bore Washington's rise to the chief command of the army with some impatience, but whose courageous hand signed, as President of Congress, the first copy of the Declaration alone.

Then Charles Carroll appeared, who afterward at the signing, when some one said there were several of his name, fixed upon himself the glory and danger of the act, and wrote, "of Carrollton." Hopkinson, comic poet and political writer; Robert Morris, the financier whose loans and credit saved the army in its moment of extreme destitution; McKean, the learned delegate from Delaware; Samuel Chase, the worthy associate of Carroll, from Maryland; and Edward Rutledge, the brilliant patriot from South Carolina, complete our picture. These were a few only of that rare and memorable body of men who signed the Declaration. They were of varied qualities, of almost equal excellence. Jefferson, austere and philosophic, represented the extreme school of the thought of the day—he embodied it in his famous composition; Charles Carroll, cultivated in all the graces of Parisian society, a Roman Catholic, educated in France; the polished Hancock, Rutledge, Chase, threw over the assembly something of the formal manner of the ancient régime. The stern severity of Samuel Adams showed what republicanism must be. Wiser and truer men never lived than these representatives of America. But as yet the traitor's doom hung over them; the executioners were assembled in New York Bay.

Meditative and composed, they showed no fear. It is said that Nixon's sonorous voice filled all the great assembly, that it was heard distinctly on the opposite side of the street, that not an accent faltered nor a word was lost. For the first time the remarkable paper, that for more than a hundred years has been sounding in the ears of men, was declaimed at Philadelphia; it had all the attractions of novelty, all the force of deep conviction. Happy the men who heard for the first time its germ of wisdom! happy those who could so hail its perilous truths! "We believe," exclaimed the first confessors and martyrs, "that all men are born free and equal; we believe in our indestructible rights; we proclaim ourselves independent." It is easy to imagine the intense interest of the people, the unbounded joy, the sense of a new existence. They cheered, they shouted. For the rest of the day Philadelphia was given up to enthusiastic rejoicings. The people wandered cheering through the streets; at night bonfires and illuminations lit up the scene. The reading of the Declaration awoke everywhere the same enthusiastic ardor. At Princeton, the college glowed at night with a fine illumination. Washington, at New York, July 9, while the guns of the English armada were heard at the Narrows, ordered the Declaration to be read before the army. It was received with shouts of joy. That night the patriots tore down the gilded statue of King George in the Bowling Green, and soon after cast it into bullets. The Eastern towns surpassed the zeal of Philadelphia and New York. Boston, just snatched from the grasp of the tyrant, broke into fierce enthusiasm. The Declaration was read, July 17, in Faneuil Hall; the city was filled with a rejoicing multitude; speeches, cheers, congratulations, bonfires, music, lights, filled all the day and night; new hope descended upon man, the prospect of a better life.

Has it been fulfilled? To answer the question one must compare the men of the close of the eighteenth century with the men of the close of the nineteenth. It is an instructive parallel. From the platform at Philadelphia has proceeded a chain of impulses electric, amazing. The "Philadelphia experiment" has created the science of government; it has taught men how to govern themselves. In the last quarter of the eighteenth century the despotic theories of Europe had made men everywhere slaves. Even in England they were little better, except a limited aristocracy. All the abuses of the past, its inhumanity, insincerity, crime, marked the days of Johnson and Burke. Men were hanged in companies of thirty and thirty-five at Tyburn for trifling offenses. Robbers haunted the most public highways. The debtors' prisons were crowded, the slave-ships sailed in fleets from Liverpool and Bristol. The working-men, ignorant as brutes, lived in a real serfdom. Want, intense and terrible, preyed on them. Franklin contrasts the happy condition of his own country with the miseries of England. Jefferson saw with horror the degradation of the French.

France was a scene of perpetual starvation. An aristocracy, a court, rioted amidst the miseries of the people. An extreme despotism had apparently destroyed all hope of progress. The peasants—millions of them—lived and perished like brutes. In Germany, human life and happiness were apparently less valued than in France. The petty dukes and princes sold their people to the English king for gold. They caught them like wild beasts in churches, at market, in the field, herded them together, and drove them to the transports that were to carry them to the battle-fields of America. Religious toleration was unknown, except in Switzerland and Holland. England had its test acts and its barbarous laws; Italy, Spain, France, persecuted Protestants and Jews; Austria was the champion of bigotry; Russia, the barbarous haunt of myriads of slaves. But suddenly all this was to change. Franklin, Adams, Jefferson, cried from their platform at Philadelphia to the people, "You are free!" Within a hundred years representative assemblies govern in nearly every European and American state. The people everywhere rule. Italy teaches toleration and unity; Austria walks slowly onward in the paths of progress; even Russia quivers with the inevitable change. A change of manners has followed—serfdom is abolished, the debtors' prison thrown open, the gallows robbed of nearly all its victims, the slave-trade banished, the slave set free. Humanity and tenderness make their slow advance; education widens and elevates.

The Declaration was not commented upon in the newspapers of the day. They were content with printing it. Said the Philadelphia *Post*, July 9, "Yesterday, at twelve o'clock, Independency was declared at the State-House in this city, in the presence of many thousand spectators, who testified their approbation of it by repeated acclamations of joy." In the same paper a negro child is advertised for sale, and several slaves. On another page is an account of the English fleet that is gathering in New York Harbor, and a letter from the West Indies that tells the provincials there is no hope of pardon for them but in submission. In the next paper the fleet from Halifax is described as forming a line in New York Bay from the Kill von Kull to Simonson's Ferry, on the east side of Staten Island. The *Asia* had already fired her guns into the houses on Long Island, in reply to a small battery on the shore. It is sometimes said that the Declaration was of little importance, that it was forgotten in the strife of arms. But this is an error. The Declaration was the decision, the public avowal, the *consensus* that joined America and freedom. The tie could never be broken. Even Reed admits that it was the "strong objection" in the way of accepting any proposals of reconciliation. Howe came too late with his offers of grace and pardon. The decision was made; America was free. The reading of the Declaration of Independence on the 8th of July, 1776, was the decisive act that published to mankind the opening of a new era; before it the fleets and armies of England were powerless, and Europe and America rose into new life together.

Eugene Lawrence.

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A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "At Her Mercy," "Bred in the Bone," "Beggar on Horseback," "Walter's Word," "Under One Roof," "High Spirits," etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A SUPERFLUOUS PRECAUTION.

Apart from the portrait of his missing assistant, and the furtherance, as he imagined, of his suit with Amy, it was not very much that Mr. Signet had obtained from his visit to Cavendish Grove; but it was something. It was important to him, as we have said, to show that he for his part entertained the highest confidence in Matthew Helston, and continued to do so; that he and Matthew's belongings were as good friends as ever, notwithstanding what had occurred; and it still more behooved him to strengthen and to keep steadfast all testimony that told for Matthew. At present this was confined to that of John Rutherford the cabman's: not a very weighty witness, it may be thought, against the direct evidence of Lady Pargiter and her servants; but still, as Mr. Brail had reported, dependable. Moreover, supposing he had not been bribed by Matthew—an idea that was rigidly excluded from Mr. Signet's present calculations—what motive could he have had for falsehood? Mr. Signet had been told by Mr. Brail that "if he meant to make a fight for it"—that is, to decline to pay Lady Pargiter for the loss of the diamonds—he had better not visit Hybla Mews in person.

"They will say," urged the detective, "that you got at the man, and paid him to stick to his story, which is already, I must confess, to my thinking, very much in the cock-and-bull line."

But, inclined as the jeweller was to follow the police agent's advice in the main, and to attach much weight to his opinions (when they did not tend to despair of his own chances), he found this prohibition too hard to be obeyed. Like a child who has a dormouse he is forbidden to stroke, Mr. Signet hankered after his only witness, and could not understand how he could be damaged by a little handling. He had not the least intention of cramming him for cross-examination, or of suggesting to him any fact that might not have come to his own knowledge, but he wanted to see what manner of man he was, and to hear with his own ears the details of that strange story on the maintenance or breaking down of which so much depended. The largeness of his stake in the matter was of course the main reason of his acceptance of the cabman's theory, but his dislike of Lady Pargiter—which by this time, indeed, had grown to positive hatred—undoubtedly made it more grateful to him.

On leaving Cavendish Grove his usual course would have been Cityward, but he bade his driver put him down at Hybla Terrace, at the corner of which he dismissed him. He did not wish the man to know that he was about to visit the mews.

As he neared the "Rising Sun" he came upon an unkempt shambling creature, certainly attached to the public-house in one sense, and probably so in another, of whom he inquired John Rutherford's number. But the man professed ignorance, and referred him to the inn.

Under any other circumstances—even in his improved ones of late days—Mr. Richard Dartmoor would certainly have been met with slouching under the portico, or speculating with his hands in his pockets upon the solid content of the edifice from without; but he had disappeared within the last ten hours, almost as suddenly as poor Matthew Helston. The cause of this was remarkable. Mr. Dartmoor had been slouching and speculating, as usual, on the preceding afternoon, when on emerging from the inn after a refreshing "dram," he had suddenly come upon the very person whom Mr. Signet had just met. This dissolute lounger and loafer was so exceedingly like himself that the effect was almost the same upon him as that of the Doppelgänger upon a German, or that species of second-sight called "the double" upon a Scotchman. Imagine a person of nervous temperament (much aggravated by liquor), who, intending a practical joke, dresses himself up as a spectre, and instead of his victim meets in a lonely place a real ghost, and you will have some sort of idea of the state of mind into which Mr. Richard Dartmoor was thrown by this *rencontre*.

He toddled back to the inn for a tonic dram, and then slouched out by the swing-door on the other side, not certain of his future movements, *i. e.*, whether he would not shift his quarters, and leave the "Rising Sun" for good and all, rather than face such visions, when what should he see within a few yards of him but another counterfeit presentment of himself? "*Voilà deux*—there are two!" he would have exclaimed, like the Black Mousquetaire of Thomas Ingoldsby, had he been familiar with the quotation; as it was, he murmured, "Bluebottles, by gum!" Then he looked up to the sky with a careless air, as though snowflakes were thistle-down, and southeasters zephyrs, and not gradually, like the youth who "journeys farther from the East," but at a much more rapid rate, increased his distance from the "Rising Sun."

Unconscious of the loss which Society in the neighborhood of Hybla Terrace has thus received, Mr. Signet entered the mews, and was directed to Mr. Rutherford's dwelling. He had a certain right to intrude upon the cabman's privacy, inasmuch as the latter was well aware he had defrayed, through Matthew Helston, the very considerable sums that had gone into "honest John's" pocket in payment for those nightly expeditions to Moor Street, the last of which had ended so disastrously.

The door was opened to him by Sally, who always performed that office.

"I am Mr. Signet," he said, frankly: "you will know what I am come about."

"I know very well," she said. "You have sent the police after my poor husband. But he is not a bit frightened. He is as honest a man as you are, and he has told no lies."

"I hope not," said Mr. Signet, in a very genuine manner. "'Tell the truth, and stick to it,' should be every Englishman's motto. If you will allow me, I will walk up stairs."

Perhaps he had read in *Hints on Etiquette* that in getting over stiles and going up stairs one should precede a lady, or perhaps he wished to see Mr. Rutherford before his wife should announce his presence; but at all events Mr. Signet did precede her.

He found the cabman still in his sleeved waistcoat, as Mr. Brail had found him: he had been too much disturbed in his mind to complete his toilet, far less to take out his cab as usual, and he was smoking his sixteenth pipe.

"Oh, here's another, is there?" he growled.

"It's Mr. Signet, John," put in Sally, hastily.

"What do I care who it is?"

"Of course you don't," said the jeweller: "an honest man should have no apprehensions."

"Apprehensions be hanged!" exclaimed Mr. Rutherford. "Of course I shall be apprehended. Poor folks always are when rich folks have mislaid things, or made away with them. I knew a man as was transported for life for stealing a watch that was all the time in an old lady's watch-pocket over her bed, and who was so fortunate, after a year or two, as to get the Queen's pardon for it; but it isn't everybody as has his good luck."

"That was a sad mistake indeed," said the jeweller, sympathizingly. "But it can not have occurred in this case. Would you be so good as to tell me what you know about this Moor Street business—the same story, I mean, that you told the person who called on you this morning? Have you got such a thing as pen and ink, Mrs. Rutherford?"

A bright thought here struck the jeweller. He would set the man's narrative down in writing, and get him to sign it. If it was of no other use, it would be always handy to refresh Mr. Rutherford's memory.

Sally produced a washing-book, the stump of a pen, and an ink-bottle, the contents of which were so dried up that it had to be liquefied like the blood of St. Januarius. Mr. Signet, however, was deft with his fingers, and could write with anything. John narrated the story with which we are acquainted more doggedly than before, but almost in the same words. "If you was to squeeze me between the keb doors of my own 'ansom," he said, "you would always have the same story."

Mr. Signet looked at him as though he had been an Early Martyr prepared to suffer for the faith—and perhaps even with a greater admiration.

"Now be so kind, my excellent fellow, as to set your name to this, which I have written down from your own lips."

"No, I couldn't do that," said honest John; "I really couldn't."

"Not sign it? Then do you mean to say it's not true, you scoundrel?"

Mr. Signet would probably have proceeded to use much stronger language, had not Mrs. Rutherford whispered something in his ear. "Oh, can't write, can't he? He can make his mark, I suppose?"

"If you call me a scoundrel again, I'll make a pretty big mark between your eyes," exclaimed John, irascibly.

"He's honesty itself," murmured Mr. Signet, in a rapture at this menace. "He'd be worth his weight in—well, in seed-pearls—before the Lord Chief Justice. Stop one moment: we must have a witness, and it mustn't be his wife." Mr. Signet stepped to the "verander," and put his head out; immediately opposite, smoking a straw, and speculating after the manner of his kind, was the man to whom he had applied in vain for Mr. Rutherford's address.

"Hi, come here!" he cried, authoritatively. The man slouched carelessly across the yard, though the wind was keen enough to have quickened the steps of a sloth.

"Can you write?" inquired the jeweller.

"Ay," replied the other, so gloomily that one might have thought the knowledge of that art—upon the principle of a little learning being a dangerous thing—had brought him into his present unprosperous condition.

"Then come up here."

Not without some pride in the device which his own legal acumen had suggested, Mr. Signet pointed out the spot in the washing-book where the cabman was to put his cross, and the witness to subscribe his name. The materials he had to work with were crude enough, but every formality was complied with. Mr. Rutherford evinced a decided gratification in repeating the words, "Witness my act and deed," after the jeweller; when he murmured, with a sigh of satisfaction, "*Litera scripta manet*," honest John nodded approvingly, as though that mystic sentence had been the one thing necessary to accomplish the rite.

"Money," said Mr. Signet, addressing the stranger, who stood with his eyes glancing furtively about him and with his hand passing slowly over his mouth, as though in fond imagination removing the traces of liquor, "I am unable to give you for this service; but I dare say a dram of something short would be acceptable this cold morning. Mrs. Rutherford, can you oblige me so far?"

Sally at once produced a bottle of gin, and Mr. John Jones, messenger, of Rose Court, Oxford Street—for such, it appeared from the document, was his style and title, having accepted her hospitality, ducked his shock of hair, and shambled out.

"What I have said to yonder fellow I must

say to you, John," continued the jeweller: "what you have done this morning must go without any immediate fee or reward. No man, says the law, must be paid for telling the truth."

"I quite understand that, sir," answered Mr. Rutherford, naïvely, "for then everybody would tell the truth, and where would the lawyers be?"

"But henceforth remember, Star and Signet are your friends, my man. They will see you through this business, and when that's done will show their gratitude."

"What I should like better than money—though money's allus acceptable to a poor man, Mr. Signet—is to see that 'ere Lady Pargiter trounced. It's her as has been the cause of all this from first to last; and it's her as has got Master Matthew, and them diamonds—I'll lay my life on it."

"Give me your hand, John," said Mr. Signet, effusively; "I wish I could put something in it, but I dare not. An honest man's the noblest work of Providence. Lest your memory should ever want refreshing, by-the-bye, concerning this matter, I'll have a copy made of this little document, and your wife will read it out to you. You *can* read, my good woman, can't you?"

"Read!" exclaimed John, with indignation. "Just you wait and hear her! Sally, give him that account of the Tetbury Pet's performance in last weck's *Hera*."

"Not just now; another day," said Mr. Signet, hastily. "God bless you both! We shall always know where to find you when you're wanted, sha'n't we, John? Good-by."

"Wanted," growled Mr. Rutherford, as the jeweller tripped down stairs. "Oh, that's what it comes to, after all, is it? You're hand and glove with the *perleece*, are yer?"

Ignorant of the offense he had thus given, Mr. Signet hurried to Poulet Street, where he found Mr. Brail awaiting him.

"You have news," said that gentleman, perceiving a look of triumph in his employer's face.

"Not exactly news, but I think I have done a good stroke of work this morning. I've got Rutherford's evidence in black and white, and here it is."

"And in your handwriting too," observed Mr. Brail, dryly. "That will be of interest to your friends, no doubt, sir; but it will not increase the value of the document in the eyes of a jury."

"Well, the man couldn't write, you see," said Mr. Signet, a good deal taken back by this remark; "and then I took care to get a witness."

"So I see: John Jones, messenger, Rose Court, Oxford Street—um! Well, I don't know the gentleman by name, but I seem to know his handwriting. Where did you pick him up?"

"In Hybla Mews: a perfect stranger, and therefore an independent witness, I conclude."

"Not so very independent, Mr. Signet. He's one of the two watchers as I set myself to look after the cabman."

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Signet.

"Well, I did tell you, leave everything in my hands, sir," continued Mr. Brail, severely; "when you employ a detective, it's better to do that than to meddle with a matter yourself. Amateurs is more harm than good, you may rely on't.—Now listen to me, for I've got a *fact* for you—a fact worth twenty washing-books full of noughts and crosses. A young woman has just been here with a *com*munication."

"A young woman! You mean Miss Thurlow, I suppose?"

"No, I don't; she was quite another sort of young woman—one as knows what's what, I guess, and the price of it. I only caught a glimpse of her through the shop door just now, but I'd seen her once before to-day—as I passed through the hall in Moor Street. She was muffled up, and wore a thick veil, when she asked your shop-man if Mr. Signet was in; but I don't forget faces in a hurry. So I just stepped out—as a friend of the firm—to ask her business. She's Lady Pargiter's maid."

"And what *was* her business?"

"You're to hear that to-morrow. But I found out this much, that she hates her mistress like the devil, and has got a grudge against her, with the means of paying her out. She gave me to understand she only dealt with principals—which means a lot of money."

"What does that matter?" exclaimed Mr. Signet, impatiently. "Do you think she knows anything?"

"Ay, I do. I'm inclined to think you're right, after all. It's Lady Pargiter as is at the bottom of this business, and her maid knows it."

"I said so; I was sure of it," exclaimed Mr. Signet, excitedly. "But why did you let her go away?"

"Because she said she had no time to spare, and her absence would excite suspicion. To-morrow's her Sunday out. She's got the key of the whole mystery, and—you mark my words—she will come here to sell it."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A TRAITRESS IN THE CAMP.

WE know that Mr. Signet was, in intention at least, even at his comparatively advanced period of life, a man of gallantry, but it is probable that even in the heyday of his youthful prime he had never looked forward with such excitement to the arrival of a fair visitor as he did on that Sunday morning to the coming of Miss Patty Selwood. It was not the evanescent passion for a pretty face, for he had never seen the young woman; whether she was short or tall, dark or fair, was no matter to him whatever. Mr. Brail had told him she was young, and he preferred her so to be, as it was probable he might make a better bargain with her; but otherwise, for all he cared, she might have been of the age in which Sir Cornewall Lewis refused to believe—a hundred—provided she retained her memory. That was the one thing important to him. She was coming, he felt, to tell him what she knew about Lady Pargiter and her diamonds.

She was to leave Moor Street at half past ten, partly because by that time she would have made her ladyship presentable to the public, and partly because it was the hour for Public Worship, and by a polite fiction, common to establishments of all degrees, the waiting-maid was supposed to be going to church. Not, of course, that "my lady's maid" was to be seen on Sunday morning with a prayer-book folded inside her pocket-handkerchief, like any Mary Anne or Eliza Jane in ordinary domestic service. If she did have a prayer-book (which is doubtful), it was carried without ostentation; and so neat and well-chosen was her apparel that unless you had seen her come out of the area gate of No. 10, you would never have believed her to be a servant at all. That is to say, a man would not have done so; but I believe (such is the marvellous discernment of the sex in such matters) that his wife would have detected it at a glance. *She* would have known that the silk dress was a cheap silk, and the pretty collar of lace only a few pence a yard. It was not Miss Selwood's custom, indeed, to wear either cheap silks or inferior collars on her "Sundays out," for on such occasions she was wont to lay Lady Pargiter's wardrobe under contribution; but on this particular day she wore her own clothes. The reason of this was that she had a fixed intention of breaking with her mistress, and to a delicate mind there were therefore obvious reasons why she should cease to put herself under obligations to her; it may also be added that, having determined to dig up the hatchet, she was exceedingly cautious not to give her ladyship an opportunity of doing her an ill turn. It was, indeed, in the highest degree unlikely that Lady Pargiter would miss any particular garments out of her very extensive collection, or even recognize them on Miss Selwood's back, but that young lady was so prudent that rather than run the risk, she had sacrificed even her personal vanity.

In a ball dress, with the Pargiter diamonds on her, Miss Selwood would have made a great sensation; and even without them, and as she was, in her modest "wraps"—for the wind had risen again, and was scattering a few flakes of snow—she was an attractive young person, such as foolish men will turn round to look at for the second time, and thereby bring themselves, deservedly, against lamp-posts and pillar letter-boxes. As if to preserve her fellow-creatures from such mischances, however, Miss Selwood dropped her veil as soon as she got clear of Moor Street, and entered an omnibus bound for the City.

The establishment in Poulet Street of course was closed, but she felt no hesitation in ringing at the private bell. She had naturally no *mauvaise honte;* and had it been otherwise, the motives that were actuating her were too powerful and pressing to admit of irresolution. She had always despised and disliked her mistress, though she had "put up with her" hitherto for the sake of wages and perquisites; but the insulting words used by Lady Pargiter on the previous day had sunk deep and rankled, and eager for revenge, the opportunity of wreaking it, not only with impunity, but, as she anticipated, to her own great advantage, had now arrived to her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A WORD ABOUT DIAMONDS.

THE diamond has many histories. It has a chemical and a commercial, a mineralogical and a mystical, history. It has what may be called a personal history, comprising the varied adventures of individual stones; there is a history of diamond cutting and counterfeiting, of diamond discoveries and diamond robberies, and there promises soon to be a history of diamond manufacture. The earliest known home of the gem was in India. From India it made its way westward to the Greeks, who, among its many remarkable qualities, singled out its pre-eminent hardness as that by which it was thenceforward to be distinguished when known, and detected when doubtful. They named it *adamas*, the indomitable, and invented fables in illustration of this character, which passed current and unquestioned for many hundreds of years. Such was the obduracy of the genuine diamond, they maintained, that the attempt to break it between hammer and anvil resulted, not in the fracture of the stone, but in the rending of the metal; and numerous gems of the purest water were immolated, generation after generation, to the blind tradition of this perilous ordeal by iron. There was, indeed, it was added, one method by which this otherwise invincible resistance could be overcome. Immersion for a certain time in warm goat's blood rendered the crystal amenable to the blows of the hammer, although even then, like the Calydonian hero at the siege of Thebes, it contrived to involve its sturdy adversary in its own destruction.

Now the truth is, that the diamond, although the hardest of known substances, is also one of the most brittle, since it possesses a natural cleavage along which it splits with the utmost facility. When the Koh-i-noor was being recut in 1852, the jeweller to whose care it was intrusted during the operation submitted it to the inspection of one of his most valued customers, who heedlessly let it slip through his fingers. The jeweller, seeing it fall, all but lost his senses with terror, and called forth a similar access of retrospective dismay in his distinguished visitor by explaining that if the jewel had touched the ground at a certain angle, it would almost infallibly have separated into fragments.

The extreme difficulty of polishing the diamond caused it, in early times, to be sought after as an amulet rather than as an ornament. The belief in its efficacy both as a poison and as an antidote to poison is of high antiquity, and as regards the healing branch is even yet not wholly extinct. Benvenuto Cellini relates that he owed his life to the avarice of an apothecary in substituting powdered beryl for the diamond-dust which he had been bribed to mix with his salad; and the same pseudo-deadly substance was administered to Sir Thomas Overbury in the Tower. On the other hand, the Romans regarded it as a sure remedy, not only against poison, but against various other perils, and the conviction of its mystical virtues continued to prevail throughout the Middle Ages. It was said to confer valor, to insure victory, to repel witchcraft and madness, to give success in lawsuits. Pliny is careful to tell us that, if worn on the left arm, touching the skin, it dispels nocturnal panic; and Sir John Mandeville adds that it should be given freely, not bought or sold.

Diamond superstitions, in our days, seem to have taken refuge in the East. The Shah of Persia is said to possess one set, in a cimeter, which has the power of rendering the wearer invisible, and the great diamond of the Rajah of Mattan, in Borneo, weighing 367 carats, and supposed to be the largest in existence, is credited with the virtue, not of a talisman alone, but of a panacea as well. The natives of the island believe that water in which it has been immersed cures every disorder; and the vast price offered for it by the Governor of Batavia, of 150,000 dollars, two ships of war fully equipped, together with sundry arms and munitions, was refused, not because of the intrinsic value of the jewel, but because the fortunes of the dynasty were traditionally affirmed to depend upon its possession.

It appears to be commonly lost sight of that these gems have a commercial value entirely independent of their decorative purpose. A peculiar modification of diamond, known as "carbonado," which is as unsightly as cast iron, is sold for use in rock-boring machines, at an average price of four and a half to five dollars the carat. Fifteen years ago an unlimited supply of this substance was offered to a London merchant at the ridiculously low price of threepence a carat; the Amsterdam cutters, however, reported unfavorably as to its employment in their trade, and the proposal was declined. It was never renewed; for shortly afterward the serviceableness of the stone (which is as hard as diamond itself), both for rock-drilling and gem-engraving, was discovered, and from a drug in the market it became an object of energetic competition. "Carbonado" resembles in appearance certain meteoric stones of a blackish-brown hue and crystalline texture. It is composed of the same material as diamond, and is in fact supposed to be diamond which has somehow got spoiled in the making. It is found in masses of from one to two pounds weight, and only in the neighborhood of Bahia, for the lumps of "carbon" occasionally met with in South Africa are deficient in hardness, and thus seem to have been arrested at a still earlier stage of their progress toward mineral perfection. "Bort," which is another deficient member of the diamond family, but is nevertheless also highly prized in the arts, consists in an aggregation of tiny crystals, mixed, like the black diamonds of Borneo, with a certain proportion of amorphous carbon. We see in it a failure or a freak of nature; and just as the ring of asteroids in the solar system is supposed to represent a single majestic planet, so the forces thus scattered in separate centres of crystallization would presumably, under normal conditions, have united to form one radiant jewel.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A TENANT had been dancing all night over the head of his landlord. At six in the morning the latter comes up stairs and complains bitterly of the annoyance. "What annoyance?" asks the tenant. "Why, I haven't slept a wink all night," is the answer. "Neither have I," says the tenant, "and yet I don't make any fuss about it."

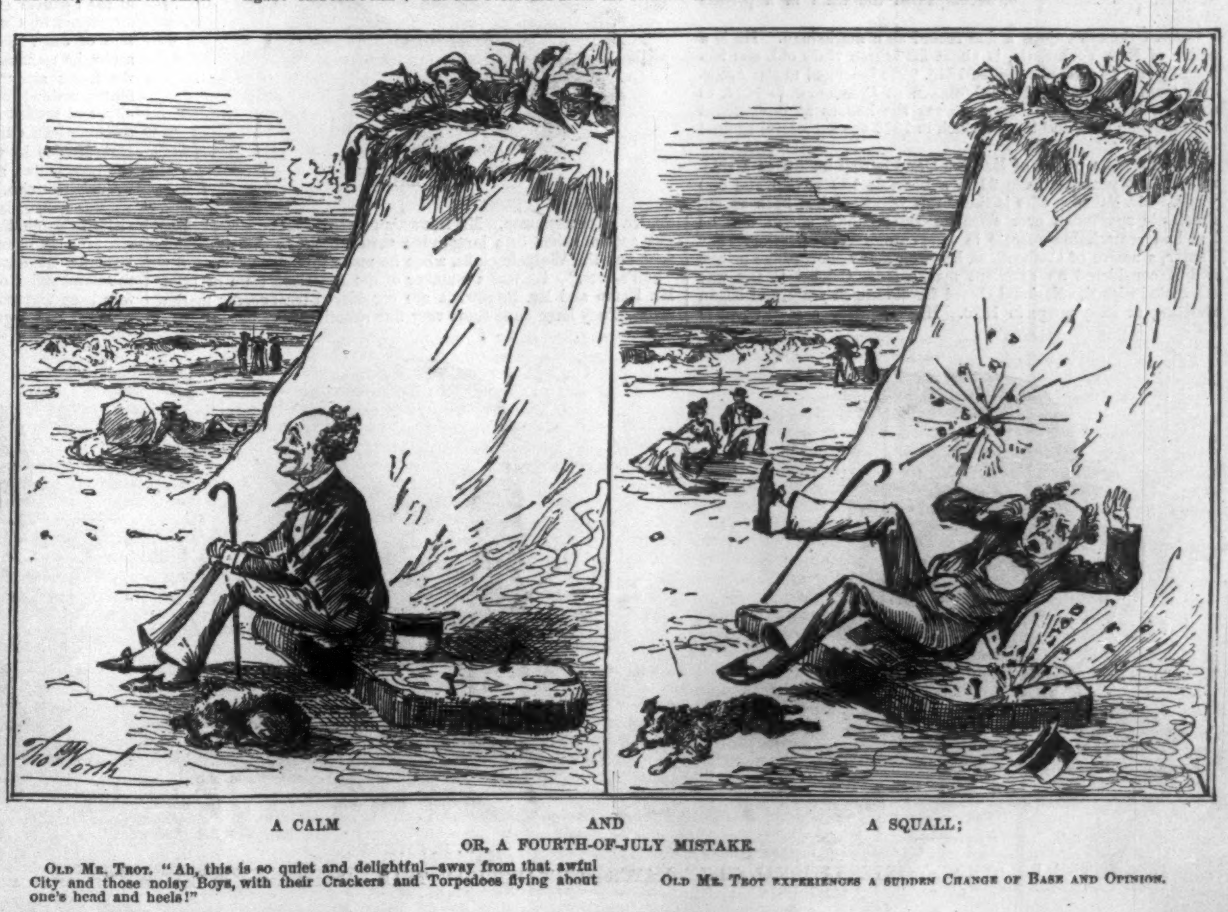
An Englishman at a hotel in New York asked the clerk if there were "oysters in the hotel." "Oh yes," was the reply; "step right into the restaurant; we don't keep them in the office." "Egad!" said Mr. John Bull, "I think you misunderstand me, you know; I mean a 'oyster, don't you know—a 'lift'—a hellevator, maybe you call it in this country."

"Och," said a love-sick Hibernian, "what a recreation it is to be dying of love! It sets the heart aching so dilicately there's no taking a wink of slape for the pleasure of the pain."

A London newspaper relates that when a Frenchman, who fell overboard from the steamer which took the Cobden Club back from Greenwich, was rescued and returned to the deck, the first thing he said was that he hoped he had not kept the steamer waiting.

If we are to judge by her needle, the sewing society that Cleopatra belonged to must have discounted any modern newspaper in the dissemination of news.

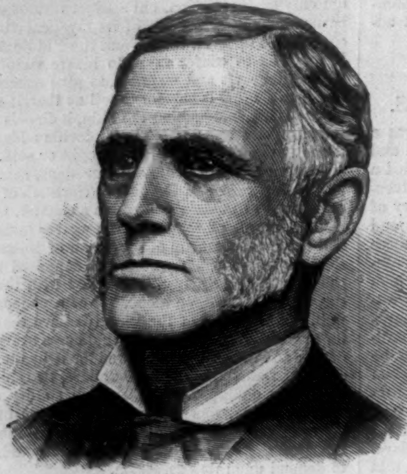
The difference between horse-radish and a reddish horse is this: one is not a horse at all, and the other is a horse of another color.



A CALM AND A SQUALL; OR, A FOURTH-OF-JULY MISTAKE.

OLD MR. TROT. "Ah, this is so quiet and delightful—away from that awful City and those noisy Boys, with their Crackers and Torpedoes flying about one's head and heels!"

OLD MR. TROT EXPERIENCES A SUDDEN CHANGE OF BASE AND OPINION.



COLONEL JOHN BODINE, CAPTAIN.

S. I. SCOTT.

W. M. FARROW.

OUR RIFLEMEN ABROAD.

By the time this number of HARPER'S WEEKLY reaches our readers, the international rifle match between the American and Irish teams at Dollymount will be decided. Our riflemen left here on the 3d of June, and immediately on their arrival on the other side began diligent practice on the ground where, on the 29th of June, 1875, the Americans defeated their Irish antagonists by thirty-eight points. The conditions at Dollymount are certainly against men accustomed to the dry and clear atmosphere of Creedmoor. At the former place fog and rain prevail, and render shooting extremely difficult for strangers.

The American team is quite strong, and several members of it have made exceptional records with the rifle. It is composed of the following gentlemen: Colonel JOHN BODINE, Captain; Colonel H. F. CLARK, of the Empire Rifle Club; W. H. JACKSON, H. T. ROCKWELL, and J. F. BROWN, of the Massachusetts Rifle Association; Dr. S. I. SCOTT and C. H. LAIRD, of the Columbia Rifle Association; and R. RATHBONE, H. FISHER, and W. M. FARROW, of the National Rifle Association. Mr. H. J. DONALDSON, Secretary of the National Rifle Association, accompanied the team in a private capacity.

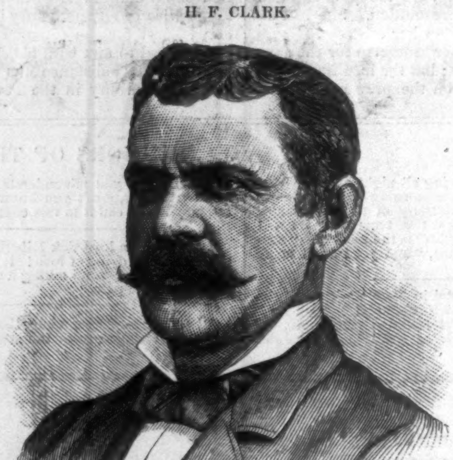
Colonel BODINE enjoys a fine record as a marksman. He is a native of New York State, is about fifty-three years old, and has been known as a rifleman since 1845. He belonged to the American team that defeated the Irishmen at Creedmoor in 1874, to the American team that carried away the honors at Dollymount the following year, and to that which in 1876 was successful against all comers.

Mr. SCOTT is a native of Maryland, and is well known as a rifleman. Last year he made 99 in a possible 100 at 500 and 600 yards. Mr. FARROW, who is thirty-two years old, has been an enthusiastic sportsman ever since he could handle a gun, and he has had remarkable success in long-range rifle-shooting. Mr. FISHER, a native of Connecticut, has won many short-range prizes, and is considered an excellent marksman. Colonel CLARK was connected with the National Guard for seventeen years, and began shooting at long range in 1876. His record as a marksman is good. Mr. JACKSON has made the best total score on record—433 in two days' shooting, when captain of the American team of 1878. Mr. RATHBONE'S record is exceptionally good. Last year, in a match at 200 and 500 yards, he made twenty "bull's-eyes," as did also his competitor, Mr. F. H. HOLTON. In shooting off the tie, Mr. RATHBONE won. Mr. BROWN'S greatest feat as a marksman was accomplished in a long-range match between the Massachusetts and the Walpole clubs, when he made thirty-one consecutive "bull's-eyes." He was a member of the American team of 1878. Mr. LAIRD and Mr. ROCKWELL are considered trustworthy marksmen. They have done some very fine shooting.

H. F. CLARK.

R. RATHBONE.

J. F. BROWN.

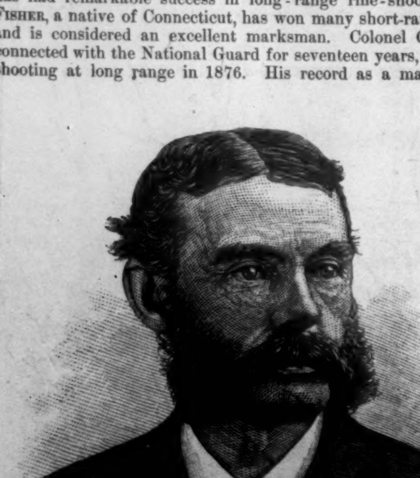


C. H. LAIRD.

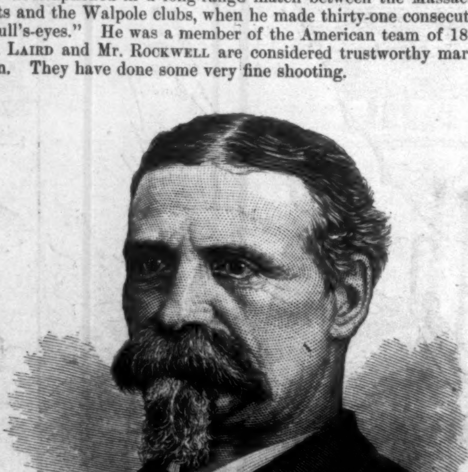
GENERAL JOHN A. SUTTER.

FEW lives have been more varied or fuller of excitement than that of General JOHN A. SUTTER, the Western pioneer, who died at Washington on the 19th of June. General SUTTER'S name is best known to the public through its association with the discovery of gold in California. The precious metal was not, however, found by himself, but by a man in his employ named MARSHALL. The honor of having disclosed the great mineral wealth of our Western coast has, with the usual inaccuracy that surrounds the records of important events, been accredited, not to the man whose pick and shovel first unearthed the treasure, but to the owner of the land upon which the discovery was made.

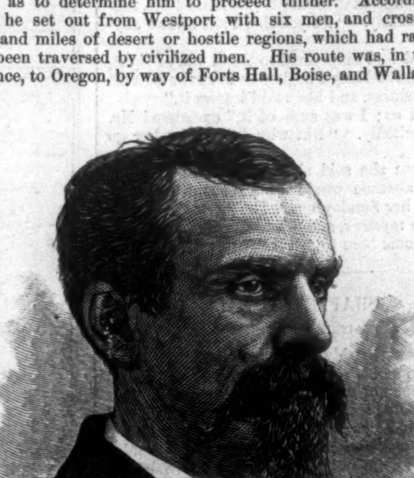
General SUTTER was a soldier of fortune, having during his long career made his home first in one hemisphere, then in the other, and in many various and widely separated portions of both. He was of Swiss ancestry, and born at Kandern, Baden, on the frontier of Switzerland, February 3, 1803. At the age of twenty he graduated at the Military Academy at Berne, and entered the "Swiss Guard" of the French army as a Lieutenant. He served in the Spanish campaign of 1823–24, and in the vain resistance attempted by CHARLES X. at Grenoble to the three days' revolution of July, 1830. After the overthrow of the BOURBON monarchy, he returned to Switzerland in the same year, and served in the Swiss army until 1834. He then emigrated to the United States, resided for a few months at St. Louis, then a small border city, and settled at Westport, Missouri, where he was naturalized an American citizen, and built up a thriving trade in cattle with New Mexico by the old Santa Fe trail. He soon became one of the best known and most popular frontiersmen, speaking fluently French, German, Spanish, and English, and acquiring enough of various Indian languages for purposes of traffic. On one of his visits to Santa Fe he heard such glowing accounts of the Pacific coast as to determine him to proceed thither. Accordingly, in 1838, he set out from Westport with six men, and crossed two thousand miles of desert or hostile regions, which had rarely before been traversed by civilized men. His route was, in the first instance, to Oregon, by way of Forts Hall, Boise, and Walla Walla,



H. FISHER.

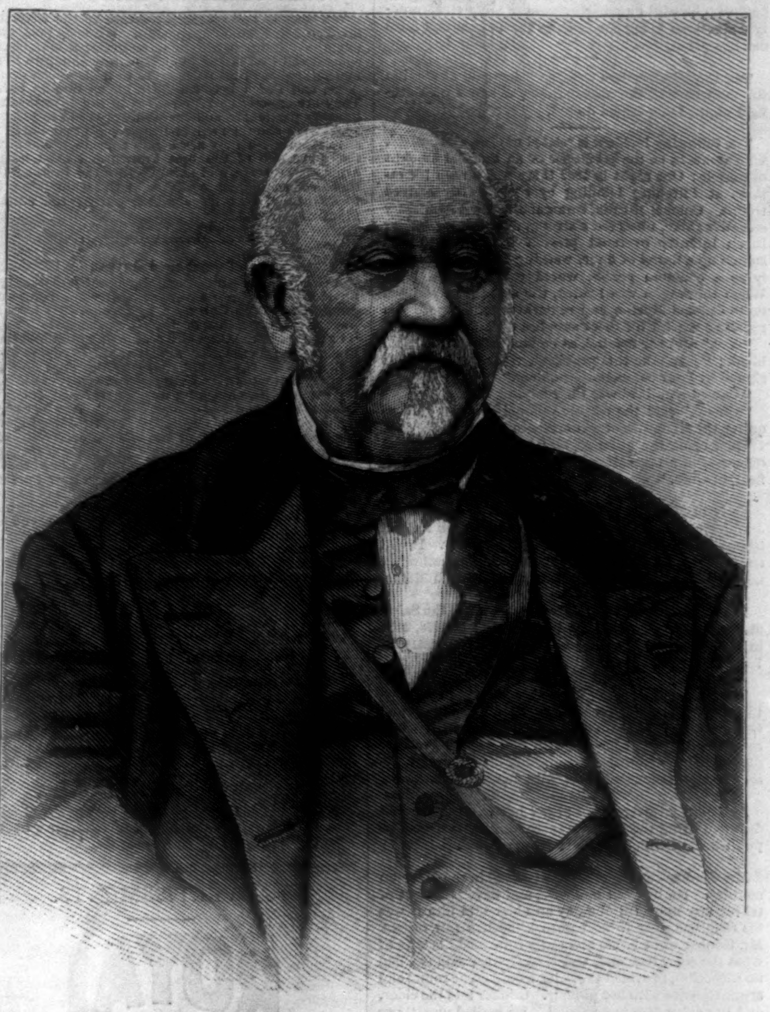


W. H. JACKSON.



H. T. ROCKWELL.

THE DOLLYMOUNT INTERNATIONAL RIFLE MATCH—THE AMERICAN TEAM.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BOGARDUS, BROADWAY AND EIGHTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK.



GENERAL JOHN A. SUTTER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

descending the Columbia River to Fort Vancouver. Finding there no means of direct communication with California, he embarked for the Sandwich Islands, and resided there five months. There he communicated with whalers and naval officers of various nationalities, and, acting on their information, bought and freighted a ship, with which he proceeded to Sitka, the capital of Russian America, now Alaska. The venture proved pecuniarily successful, and after disposing of his cargo, he took his ship to the bay of San Francisco, Upper California, where he arrived July 2, 1839.

During the nineteen years that elapsed beteen this date and the discovery of the gold, General SUTTER established himself on the shores of the Sacramento, accumulated a small colony around him, put various industries in motion, and amassed a princely fortune. Enterprising and indefatigable, he had the sagacity necessary for successful pioneering. Within two years of his arrival in California he possessed 1000 horses, 2500 cattle, and 1000 sheep, and had also established a traffic in furs with the Indians, which made him a formidable rival to the agents of the Hudson Bay Company in Oregon. He gained the respect and good-will of the Mexican authorities, and though practically exercising squatter sovereignty, was invested with magisterial and other executive offices by that government. The settlement over which Captain SUTTER presided with something of the omnipotence of an Eastern patriarch was called New Helvetia. Here, with his flocks and herds, his horses and his servants, it was his delight to entertain the various exploring and other parties which made their way into his dominions. When in 1841 Captain WILKES reached San Francisco with his famous expedition around the world, he received valuable information and assistance from Captain SUTTER. Soon after, the *Peacock*, one of WILKES's vessels, was wrecked on the bar of the Columbia River, Oregon, and had to send an overland party, under Lieutenant (afterward Admiral) GEORGE F. EMMONS, to SUTTER's fort on the Sacramento. The party reached its destination sick, famished, and exhausted, and received from Captain SUTTER a princely hospitality, without money and without price.

A year or two later, when Captain FREMONT's exploring expedition made its way to California, the same generous hospitality was extended. Captain SUTTER had become the leading personage on the Western coast, his estate including hundreds of thousands of acres of land, and his horses and cattle being numbered by thousands. Ultimately the many American adventurers that gathered at his fort, and their thinly disguised aspirations for effecting the independence of California, or its annexation to the United States, drew upon Captain SUTTER the suspicions of the Mexican government, which opened negotiations for buying him out. In the revolutionary agitations which subsequently beset that unhappy country, he had also his full share. When in the fall of 1844 Generals CASTRO and PIO PICO revolted against the lawful Governor, MICHELTORENA, SUTTER (who was at that time a captain in the Mexican army) raised at his own expense a company of over two hundred men, and marched to the assistance of MICHELTORENA. MICHELTORENA was defeated, and obliged to flee the country, and SUTTER was taken a prisoner of war. CASTRO, who was then declared Governor, released SUTTER, after a short detention, and sent him back to his establishment. From this time, although wearing an appearance of outward friendship, CASTRO and SUTTER looked upon each other with mutual distrust and suspicion. CASTRO endeavored to have SUTTER driven from the country, and SUTTER, to protect himself, gathered about his fort a large body of emigrants. CASTRO incited the hostile Indians to attack the fort, and he himself proclaimed the opening of hostilities by ordering all strangers in the neighborhood of the fort to leave the country. At this time Colonel FREMONT opportunely arrived at the fort with his second expedition. He was himself in great danger of an attack. After some deliberation the United States flag was raised, and the first steps were taken which made California one of the States of the Union. At this time hostilities were imminent between the United States and Mexico, a squadron was on its way around the Horn to California, and General KEARNY was about to commence his famous march thither across the Plains. FREMONT and SUTTER, however, anticipated these events, and left little to be done by the later arrivals. To no man, according to the testimony of General SHERMAN, was the United States more indebted than to Captain SUTTER for the conquest of California.

The great discovery of the gold took place on the 19th of January, 1848. SUTTER desired to build a saw-mill at Coloma, in El Dorado County, forty-five miles east of Sacramento. For this purpose he employed as foreman to superintend the operations JAMES W. MARSHALL. When the mill-race or ditch was being dug, MARSHALL observed a yellow metal mingled with the dirt that was thrown up. He immediately began to talk of the great discovery to the people around him, who ridiculed him for attaching so much importance to their brass, as they called it. Nevertheless, whenever the water stopped, so that the ditch became empty, the scoffers looked for the pieces of metal which had been exposed by the current. In a month's time, without neglecting their work at the mill, the laborers had collected several ounces, most of it in very small pieces, the largest weighing only about as much as a ten-dollar coin. Inasmuch as boiling the metal with lye and touching it with vinegar did not make it turn green, the neighbors began to think that MARSHALL might be right. General SUTTER tells the story as follows:

"When MARSHALL discovered the gold I cautioned my hands at the mill to keep the discovery secret for a while, and they did for a few days. But I had a man and his family hired there. He worked at the mill, and the women did cooking. Soon after it was known that there was gold there—and in fact all the hands had some—one of my white teamsters came up with a load of provisions. The women told him there was gold there, and he didn't believe it, but they gave him some. Well, a man named SMITH—a nephew of the Mormon prophet—kept a store in one of my outhouses at the farm, so when this teamster got back he went to SMITH and bought a bottle of brandy, and offered him pay in gold he had got at the mill. SMITH came to me and asked if it was gold, and I had to tell him, and, whew! the news spread all over the country. People poured in from everywhere. All my hands left me. I couldn't hire anybody, no matter what I offered, to save my crop. Emigrants came along, and turned their stock on my wheat, and it was destroyed. The people were wild. They didn't think wheat or anything else was worth having, but gold."

The presence of the precious metal upon his lands proved to be the great misfortune of General SUTTER's life. "If that gold discovery had just come a few years later," he complained to some friends during his latter days, "I'd have been a millionaire. But it broke me up, for I finally lost my land grant, and the Supreme Court decided the grant wasn't good because it wasn't signed at the Mexican capital. It was a mere technicality, but I lost it." Almost immediately upon the great discovery SUTTER found himself involved in litigation about his titles. He filed a claim before the United States Land Commissioners for thirty-three square leagues of land, covering the sites of the cities of Sacramento and Marysville, and the Commissioner allowed his claim. Eleven leagues had been granted him by Governor ALVARADO in 1841, and twenty-two leagues by Governor MICHELTORENA in 1845, as a reward for his military services. The case was appealed on behalf of the United States to the Supreme Court. General BENJAMIN F. BUTLER and N. ST. JOHN GREEN appeared for SUTTER, while JOHN J. CRITTENDEN and ROBERT J. WALKER represented in his name the purchasers of land from

THE CINCINNATI MUSIC HALL, WHERE THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION WAS HELD.—[SEE PAGE 437.]

him in and about Sacramento. The final result was adverse to Sutter, who found himself despoiled of his once magnificent estates, and at times reduced to actual want. In 1864 he was granted a pension of $250 per month by the California Legislature, and in June of the following year his homestead on Feather River was destroyed by fire. He then visited Europe, for the first time in above thirty years.

General Sutter has of late years been living with his wife on a farm at Litiz, in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. Although past the allotted age of three score and ten, he was in appearance a hale old gentleman, active though obese. His claim to remembrance proved to be his great calamity, and he died, it is said, from the effect of his efforts and anxiety in importuning Congress to vote him a national indemnity because of the misfortunes he had suffered through the very discovery which has done so much toward enriching the country of his adoption.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Perils from icebergs in the North Atlantic have been so serious of late that the officials of the Marine and Fisheries departments of the Dominion government strongly recommend Quebec, Boston, and New York steamers to run on more southerly routes this year, to keep a sharp look-out at the mast-head, and if possible to use the electric light. It seems probable that some sudden and unexplained change of temperature in high latitudes unlocked the polar sea, and sent its floating bergs into the temperate zone of the North Atlantic Ocean. Old seamen say that they have never experienced anything like the terrific ice blockade which they encountered this year along the fifty-second parallel of latitude, one or two hundred miles southeast of Newfoundland.

Among the vessels that have been imperiled, injured, or wrecked by icebergs recently may be mentioned the British frigate *Flamingo*, the steam-ship *Viking*, the French bark *Mater*, the American fishing schooner *Harman Babson*, and the British bark *Birdstow*. The latter vessel was totally wrecked, and abandoned when about a hundred miles south of the Newfoundland Banks. In describing the collision, one of the crew—for all, after taking to the boats, were rescued by the *Liverpool*, and brought to this port—gave the following account of the perilous event:

"At that instant I saw the gigantic white mass directly in front of us, and the next moment there was a fearful crash. So short was the interval between the time when the berg was first sighted and the collision that it took place quicker than I have told it. The helm was put down immediately, but it was too late. The shock was terrific, and seemed to shiver every timber in the ship. We struck bow on, and we all felt that our last hour had come, and that the ship would surely sink at once. The great jagged, irregular walls of the iceberg overhung us, threatening death from above as well as from below. I can form no idea of its height, but in width and length I should think it was about as big as a block of buildings here in New York. After dealing us our death-blow, the white monster glided away as silently as a ghost, and we saw it no more. A great hole was cut into the bows of the bark, from the decks clean down below the water-line, and the vessel began to fill."

Are not the recollections of the *Stonington* and the *Narragansett*, the *Queen* and the *Anchoria*, the *Great Republic* and the *Adelaide*, sufficient? With what wanton recklessness men in command of vessels imperil the passengers committed to their care, simply to gratify a foolish vanity! While yet the cries of the drowning lingered in the ears of the survivors of the *Narragansett*, the captains of two rival Coney Island excursion boats obstinately ran a race, contending for the right of way. There were over a thousand people on the boats at the time, and they were thoroughly terrified before this fool-hardy contest ended. It may be considered as a plain and well-recognized fact, that the captain who voluntarily endangers or alarms his passengers by racing or any similar folly, is totally unfit for the responsibilities of his position.

Queen Victoria has not visited Ireland for many years. Indeed, her only visit to that portion of her dominion was made with Prince Albert soon after her marriage. But it is announced that the Queen is going to change her long-established plans, and that, instead of spending the summer as usual at Balmoral and Osborne, she will visit Ireland. Lord Kenmare is now preparing his mansion at Killarney for her reception. The Queen is expected to enter Ireland about the last of August, and will spend a few days in Dublin before going to Killarney.

A cablegram from Hamburg on June 20 announced the arrival, in the steamer *Silesia*, of the American Turner Excursion to Frankfort-on-the-Main. The reception of the Americans was enthusiastic. At the pier of the Hamburg-American Packet Company they were met by its president, by a delegate of the Frankfort Turner Festival, by the United States consul, and the combined Hamburg Turners. The weather was beautiful; the picturesque borders of the Elbe were decorated with flags and banners, and the hearty cheers of thousands greeted the five hundred Americans, who were to spend a few days in Hamburg.

Two Americans received honorable mention by the jury of the Paris Salon—Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens, the sculptor, who had on exhibition his statue of Admiral Farragut and five bronze medallions; and Mr. W. L. Pickwell, who exhibited two landscapes—"On the Borders of the Swamp," and "The Concarneau Route."

The dog has had his day—at least, the New York dog. He can no more roam free and unmuzzled through the streets. No matter of how rare a breed he may be, if he is found promenading without a license-collar and muzzle, he is captured and taken to the pound in East Sixteenth Street, where he will bring just thirty cents—unless somebody wants to redeem him, in which case he is worth ten times as much.

About 15,000 pencil drawings made by the pupils of the primary and grammar schools of this city were recently exhibited at the building of the Board of Education. Only an hour each week is devoted to this branch by the scholars.

Probably the youngest widow on record in this country lives in Albany. She was discovered by a census enumerator. She gave her age as twenty-five. The inquiries of the enumerator afterward revealed the fact that her husband died in the war, about seventeen years ago, so that the poor creature was left a widow at the early age of eight years. She carried on the statistical conversation with the enumerator in (apparently) blissful unconsciousness of any extraordinary deductions being made from the figures and facts she had given.

Ten thousand dollars was the price paid at auction for the wreck of the *Narragansett*, as it lies off Cornfield Light, Long Island Sound.

The following incident is related of General Garfield, who seems to be the possessor of an unusual amount of muscle: One night in 1862 there was a rush for rations at Pittsburg Landing by some newly arrived troops. Colonel Morton, commanding the commissary steamers there, observed a strong, fine-looking soldier in an infantry overcoat present a requisition and snatch up a barrel of flour, walking off with it as easily as a common person would carry away a ham. When the wagon was loaded, the same man stepped up to Colonel Morton and remarked, "I suppose you require a receipt for these supplies?"

"Yes," said the colonel, as he handed over the usual blank; "just take this provision return, and have it signed by your commanding officer."

"Can't I sign it?" was the reply.

"Oh no," said the affable Colonel Morton; "it requires the signature of a commissioned officer."

Then came the quiet reply, "I am a commissioned officer—I'm a brigadier-general, and my name is Garfield, of Ohio."

Early in July the Summer Zoological School of the Johns Hopkins University will be opened on a small island in the Chesapeake Bay, near its mouth. It will continue for six weeks, and microscopes and all other needful appurtenances will be furnished the students.

In 1874 there were 286 ladies represented in the Salon at the Palais de l'Industrie; in 1875, 312; in 1876, 446; in 1877, 648; in 1878, 762; in 1879, 876; and lastly, in 1880, 1081.

The East Side Flower Mission, formerly in Rivington Street, is now located at East Broadway and Gouverneur Street, and is brightening many sick-rooms in tenement-houses with flowers and growing plants. It has facilities for speedily distributing flowers among the sick and poor, and solicits contributions.

In Japan an average of 91,507 newspapers are sold daily. During the last year there were 5317 new books published, of which 1495 were copyrighted.

Mr. Goober—as the story goes—lived in the Mormon country. He had but one wife, and never thought of taking any more till one day an elder told him it was his religious duty to seal unto himself a few others. Mr. Goober went home and sadly informed his wife of what the elder had said, and Mrs. Goober said she had no objection, provided the elder would come round and argue the case with her piously. Goober told the elder, and the elder dropped around. He smiled sweetly as Mrs. Goober advanced to meet him. The next thing he knew he was skipping around the room with his coat slit up the back and his hat knocked into pi, while Mrs. Goober wielded the broomstick. He finally jumped out of a window, and escaped with his life, a sadder and a wiser man. The next time he met Goober he told him he had had a celestial revelation by which Goober was relieved from the necessity of taking any more wives—Mrs. Goober would count for almost a thousand in the New Jerusalem.

In recognition of the valuable discoveries of Sir Henry Bessemer, he is to receive the freedom of the City of London in a gold casket.

The number of persons who die annually in Paris from small-pox is increasing so rapidly that Dr. Lionville, in the Chamber of Deputies, has proposed a law to render vaccination compulsory.

In the June number of *Fraser's Magazine* Dr. Lyon Playfair writes a very interesting article in reference to the agricultural interests of the United States and the United Kingdom. He says, very truly, that American produce of various kinds, particularly wheat and beef, bacon and cheese, has been for several years beating down in price, or driving out of the market, British produce. And he believes that this state of things will continue and increase, at least so far as wheat is concerned. The crops of golden wheat which American soil can produce are not likely to be soon exhausted. British farmers are advised by Dr. Playfair not to fear any terrific consequences from this state of things, but wisely to adapt themselves to circumstances. There are other crops which can be cultivated to better advantage on British soil, and British farmers need versatility and readiness to take advantage of new openings. They must, as New England farmers have done, cease to try growing wheat against the great fertile Northwest, and cultivate vegetables, fruits, flowers, or whatever there may be a demand for in the country.

DIABETES CURED.

Dear Sirs,—It has been some time since I wrote you in regard to how father was getting along. So I thought I would write you to-day. I am happy to say that he is *entirely well*, has been cured with less than three bottles of "Constitution Water." Since he has been taking the "Constitution Water," we have heard of a good many cases of diabetes in this city. One lady especially has it very bad. When we first heard of her she was down in bed with it. She bought one bottle of "Constitution Water," and, after taking a few doses, was able to sit up. Send me as many circulars as you can for the enclosed stamps. There are a great many persons that want them. Yours very truly, Jno. L. Smith.

Zanesville, Ohio, *Nov.* 7, 1878.

To Messrs. Morgan & Allen, New York.

"Constitution Water" has been pronounced by the medical faculty and the public to be the most wonderful remedy for the stomach, liver, kidneys, and bladder that has ever been offered. *It is not a spring water*, but a preparation by an eminent physician. For female complaints and childhood weakness a specialty. For sale by all Druggists. Depot 59 John St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

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